

THE

National AND ENGLISH Review

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Dossier

HAROLD MACMILLAN

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the things they say!



He says that British industry can't be efficient today because investors can't put up sufficient capital for it.

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Take a look at the figures again. In 1956 I.C.I. exported a record total of over £73 million of products in the face of ever fiercer competition. And they're pressing on with a Research and Development programme that costs about £12 million a year. Does that look like a lack of enterprise, or initiative?

No, it sounds as if they know where they're going.

Yes, and lots of ordinary folk, who've saved a bit,
have sufficient faith to back them.



THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

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THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

Episodes of the Month

Back to School

THE holidays are over and Mr. Macmillan has returned to school, with an icy blast from the North to remind him that he is no longer moving in friendly latitudes. His recreation has been strenuous but, it would seem, invigorating. When he arrived back in Downing Street he greeted the small crowd assembled there with a gusto that would have done credit to a music-hall artist on tour or a bookie shouting the odds before a big race.

But the Prime Minister must beware of a folksiness which, in his case, is all too likely to appear strained and unnatural. The country knows him for what he is—a very clever man, with scholarly tastes and a power of decision. What is now expected of him is policy, not parlour tricks.

On a later page his life and character are analysed in the first of a new series which we have entitled "Dossier." The object of this series will be to give our readers a fair account of the facts relating to personalities of interest, combined with an utterly frank assessment of their qualities and failings. These studies will be unsigned, because they will more often than not be the result of collaboration between a variety of people with inside knowledge. Anonymity is not intended as a protection; "Dossier" will be published on our own responsibility.

Sandys's Folly

MR. DUNCAN SANDYS is as distasteful at the Ministry of Defence as Mr. Selwyn Lloyd at the Foreign Office. The dual policy of spending vast sums on super-weapons while scrapping National Service must sooner or later be overruled. It is based

upon a completely false assessment of British interests and capabilities. What is worse, it is also based in part upon considerations which have more to do with domestic politics than with world strategy. Hydrogen bombs are thought to be good for the national ego and the ending of conscription is known to be popular.

Unfortunately, as we have never failed to point out, the people of this country will not join the Army unless they are conscripted. However tempting the inducements—and Service pay has been put up again, in blatant defiance of the Government's general economic policy—it will never be possible to attract a sufficient number of volunteers. National Service will therefore have to be reprieved, in some form or other. We trust that no Government will introduce the enormity of selective service by ballot, which would be nothing more nor less than a larger-scale modern equivalent of the press gang. The right course, surely, is to have universal service, subject to the usual categories of exemption and deferment, and to use National Servicemen with more imagination than has been shown hitherto. The scope of military tasks, under present-day conditions, should be widened to include such necessary strategic functions as road-making. There would doubtless be opposition from the trade unions to the use of conscripts in industry; but such opposition should be met with careful argument or, in the last resort, with the full weight of Parliamentary authority.

As for hydrogen bombs, the plea is sometimes used that we must manufacture them ourselves lest the Americans decide to abandon us. This is a counsel of despair. It is also very foolish, because the reduction of British ground forces in Germany, and the



PRESIDENTS KUWATLY AND NASSER, CAIRO, FEBRUARY 1ST. A.P.

ending of conscription, are more likely than anything else to provoke an American withdrawal from Europe. Mr. Sandys is determined to go on making bombs, at ruinous cost, against a contingency which his own policy is doing most to bring about. So why not change the policy?

German Ally

THOSE who were still clinging to the childish illusion that the West Germans were our friends must at last have been shaken by the Adenauer Government's refusal to pay support costs. The West Germans joined NATO as the price of independence; but they have given the West a dud cheque. Their own rearmament is far behind schedule, and they claim as the reason for this that they have been obliged to pay support costs. But the unspent portion of their Defence budget is higher than the total of support costs, so that excuse does not stand up; moreover, by bringing forward the unspent portion into this year's budget they have been enabled to cut their taxation.

There is a chance that some agreement may eventually be reached, not because of any "change of heart," but because the Ruhr industrialists may fear the material inconvenience, to them, of a quarrel with Britain,

and so bring pressure to bear upon the Bonn Government. Meanwhile let us hope that our own Government has learnt its lesson and will never again allow false sentiment about Germany to cloud its judgment in regard to the future of Europe.

Turkish Ally

NO solution has been announced for Cyprus, as we go to press. Mr. Selwyn Lloyd has been to Ankara and to Athens, and Sir Hugh Foot has also been going to and fro, but the Government's policy is still wrapped in mystery. Before long a decision must be reached, and if there is to be any bias in the matter it must be towards Greece rather than towards Turkey. The Turkish element in Cyprus is a relatively small minority, and although it is best, whenever possible, to win the support of minorities, it is idiotic and immoral to appease them while attempting to repress the majority. This, after all, is what we have been trying to do in recent years.

Both Turkey and Greece are our allies in NATO, and Turkey is also a member of the ill-conceived Baghdad Pact. But it must not be forgotten that our alliance with Greece is of long standing and has been tested in two World Wars, whereas Turkey was against us in 1914-18 and neutral in 1939-45.

Arab Unions

THE union of Egypt and Syria is a triumph for President Nasser, but the initiative for it seems to have come from Syria. Ironically enough, the Syrian Government thought this was the only way to resist Communist subversion. (So much for the *simpliste* view of Middle Eastern affairs which has recently been accepted in some Western countries!) Obvious difficulties in the way of this union are the separation of territory, the gross disparity in population, and the fact that the economies of the two countries tend to duplicate rather than complement one another. Though the net result may be to raise the export level of the new State, there is unlikely to be any drastic change in the general standard of living.

The Jordan-Iraq union, which followed after a short interval, has a stronger foundation in logic. These two countries are contiguous, and their Kings are both Hashemites with a common great-grandfather. Jordan will gain most from the union, as she will benefit from Iraq's oil industry. Indeed, she will probably find herself in a position to

EPISODES OF THE MONTH

tackle the refugee problem, granted the will to do so. President Nasser has sent his warm congratulations to the two Kings, but he knows that they are both thoroughly insecure and that their joint nation may in due course amalgamate with his on republican and socialistic lines. Thus, while the immediate threat to Israel may not be serious, the long-term danger has undoubtedly increased as a result of these developments.

Egypt's claim to Sudanese territory north of latitude 22° N is quite inadmissible. The best that can be said for it is that it may be designed to influence the Sudanese elections. Meanwhile the French have carried their career of folly in North Africa a stage further by dropping bombs on Tunisia, whose President is a genuine friend of the West.

Rochdale

MOST commentators have seen in the Rochdale by-election result a vote of censure upon the two major parties; and so it undoubtedly was. Labour scored a Pyrrhic victory and the Tories sustained an overwhelming defeat. The electors showed in the most emphatic manner that they have no confidence in the present Government and no faith in the Socialists as an alternative. Never, perhaps, has an Opposition been more favoured by circumstances (as distinct from its own policy). The Government has played into its hands not once, but over and over again. Yet there is no evidence of a swing to Labour; indeed, Rochdale provides clear evidence to the contrary. If Mr. Gaitskell is a good interpreter of omens he must be an even more disappointed man than Mr. Macmillan.

Who, then, should be rejoicing? Mr. Jo Grimond and his Liberals are in fact doing so, but is their ecstasy justified? Of course, it is not. If they had any political judgment they would see that Rochdale is a sure pointer to the fate they are likely to suffer at the next general election. If they could not win Rochdale at a by-election, when both the main political parties are so unpopular, what hope have they of winning seats when the country is bent upon the serious business of choosing a government? It would be hard to find a more advantageous terrain for the Liberals than Rochdale, where the ghosts of Cobden and Bright canvass for any Liberal candidate. In Mr. Ludovic Kennedy they had a champion who, unlike his two rivals, was not a local man (in that part of Lancashire outside candidates are preferred) and who, together with his wife, was able to bring the glitter of star-



Planet News.

KINGS HUSSEIN AND FEISAL, AMMAN,
FEBRUARY 14TH.

dom to a town which is very conscious of being the birthplace of Gracie Fields. Above all, they were in a position to benefit from the disgruntlement of floating voters, who at a general election, whatever their grievances, would ask themselves the question: which of the two potential governments is the less intolerable? Yet, despite everything, the Liberals did not win the seat. It may well prove that Rochdale represents the high-water-mark in the latest "Liberal revival."

Should Macmillan ask for a Dissolution?

AS usual, Rochdale has led to demands from the Opposition that the Government should resign. What are the arguments for and against? Constitutionally, the verdict of any number of by-elections is immaterial; Parliaments are elected for a quinquennial period and so long as the Prime Minister can command a majority in Parliament he need not, within the statutory period, pay any attention to casual soundings of opinion in the country. But when the matter is considered from the point of view of political expediency it is more difficult to give a definite answer. On the one hand, it may be said that while there is life there is hope; that during the two years and more which remain to the

THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

Government its fortunes may be recouped. On the other hand, it is dangerous to hang on to power when public feeling is clearly and unalterably hostile. It may also be best, in the long run, to allow power to be thrust upon the Opposition when its capacity to govern successfully, and so to win further support in the country, is highly dubious.

One classic precedent must now be in many Tory minds: what happened to the Balfour Government at the beginning of the century. Between the resignations of Chamberlain and Thorneycroft there must be some analogy; but there may also be a significant difference. Thorneycroft shows no sign of launching a big campaign to spread his economic doctrines far and wide. On the contrary he is keeping quiet, and the Government meanwhile is hastening to reassure everyone that it intends to curb its own expenditure. At this rate there may be no serious Tory split on economic policy by the time the general election is held. Besides, the personalities involved are not exactly comparable. Macmillan is much tougher than Balfour; Thorneycroft lacks the prestige and mass appeal of Joseph Chamberlain; and the combination of Gaitskell and Bevan, though it may superficially resemble that of Asquith and Lloyd George, cannot really be said to have the same weight.

It would seem, therefore, that the Prime Minister would be unwise to ask for a Dissolution in the very near future. But he would be equally unwise to stay put until the end of this Parliament, simply in the Micawberish hope of a dramatic change in the political weather.

Labour and the Lords

THE two-day debate in the House of Commons on the Government's Life Peerages Bill was a melancholy affair. Mr. Maclay, who wound up for the Government, said that "it would be miraculous if any two speakers . . . had found themselves in complete agreement either with each other or with what is in or is not in the Bill." It was certainly very clear from the utterances on both sides that while most Conservatives support the idea of a Second Chamber but are not agreed on the form it should take, the Labour Party is sharply divided not only on composition but, more important still, on the desirability of having a Second Chamber at all. This division has been common knowledge for many years, so it was incumbent upon the Tories, being united at least upon the principle, to put through a reform measure which would en-

able the House of Lords to function effectively. In practical terms this meant a change in the mode of composition, so that it would be possible for members to be paid an adequate salary or attendance allowance; and this in its turn could only mean putting an end to the fantastic system whereby hereditary peers of the United Kingdom are automatically entitled to a writ of summons.

The Government has shirked its duty and has introduced a Bill which is good in itself but irrelevant to the main problem. It has also left untouched the power of delay which remained to the House of Lords after the last Parliament Act. This is a political error, because the one-year delaying power is hard to defend and anyway valueless, except as a theme for Socialist demagoguery. It is surely madness to keep this undemocratic skeleton in the Tory cupboard when it would otherwise be so easy to focus attention upon that graveyard of democracy in the Labour Party's constitution—the trade union block vote.

Mr. Bevan, who seemed to be going beyond what had been said by his "leader," Mr. Gaitskell, the day before, announced that the Labour Party would be prepared to enter into talks about the Second Chamber provided there were no prior conditions—i.e. provided the existence of such a Chamber were open to discussion. He was also—and this is interesting, because he has the reputation of being a Single Chamber man—noticeably non-committal when pressed to put his own cards on the table. The tone of his speech had suggested that he had no use for a Second Chamber, but when Mr. Maclay asked him point-blank to make his attitude clear, and reminded him that Miss Jennie Lee (his wife) had been quite unequivocal, Mr. Bevan took refuge in persiflage: "This is an ungallant attempt to make matrimonial trouble for me." In fact it was an attempt to make political trouble for him, but he is becoming very cagey and respectable in his old age.

Parliament and TV

AFTER a lot of fuss, and with every possible safeguard to ensure fairness, television played its part in the Rochdale by-election. This was a further step towards rationalizing the relationship between television and politics. The logical conclusion of the process will be the televising of Parliamentary proceedings, and the sooner this conclusion is reached the better.

The standard objection is that Parliament will lose its intimate character if it is thus

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EPISODES OF THE MONTH

exposed to the general view; that M.P.s will cease to concentrate upon whatever they may happen to be discussing, and become absorbed in the task of commending themselves to a vast unseen audience. The answer to this is, first, that M.P.s already play to the gallery—both to the Public Gallery and to the Press Gallery. Very often these are the only audiences they have to play to, because their colleagues are unavoidably prevented from being in the Chamber while they are speaking. It is also true that the average M.P., when he makes a speech in Parliament, is consoled for the inattention with which it is received at Westminster by the knowledge that it will be given a column or two in the local newspaper which is read by his constituents. He is thus addressing more or less empty benches and a very limited public outside. If, however, the eye of the TV camera were upon him he would be more inclined to feel what in fact he is—a national legislator.

The British people, too, would gain immensely if they were able to see what went on in Parliament. Their understanding of the institution would be enhanced and they would cease to feel cut off from it, as they do at present. They would also be less prone to the illusion that television stars like Sir Robert Boothby and Mr. Michael Foot are the dominant figures in British politics. A special "channel" should be set aside for the televising of Parliamentary business, and it could safely be predicted that Question Time would always be a great draw. The opening and closing exchanges in major debates would also be very popular.

Maybe one of the tacit reasons why M.P.s are so reluctant to face this change is that it would necessitate their more regular attendance in the Commons Chamber. When the camera takes in the whole scene the eager constituent will expect to see his M.P. listening carefully and making notes for a possible intervention. If he sees that the place is frequently empty he may infer that the M.P.'s accounts of his own assiduous service in the House are so much eyewash.

Macleod and the Busmen

MR. MACLEOD was maladroit in the way he refused a court of inquiry into the London bus dispute. It was unfair to lead Mr. Cousins to suppose that such an inquiry would be welcomed by the Government, even to the point where both sides had put forward names for the Court, and then to disallow it, presumably under pressure from

the Cabinet. His offer of a general commission of inquiry into the wages of bus workers throughout the country is, however, quite reasonable in itself. The basic trouble concerns the "differential" and this cannot be solved unless the problem is dealt with as a whole.

Cousins's position is anomalous, in that he is spokesman for both the provincial and the London busmen. Last summer he was having to argue on behalf of the provincial busmen that the differential was too large; now he is arguing on behalf of the London men that it is too small. (He and Lord Kindersley should get together and compare notes on what it feels like to suffer from conscientious schizophrenia!) For the moment Mr. Macleod's proposal has been turned down, but there is reason to be thankful for the moderation which the busmen have shown after this incident.

Oh, By the Way . . .

THE Americans have successfully launched an earth satellite.

NEXT MONTH

A Dissertation on Dukes

by Taper

Dossier No. 2 :

Hugh Gaitskell

Selection of new work by living poets, including

Edmund Blunden

Richard Church

Cecil Day Lewis

Roy Fuller

Andrew James

Peter Levi, S.J.

Dom Moraes

Harold Morland

John Pudney

Sir Herbert Read

Stephen Spender

Other Articles and Reviews

GENERAL SIR IVOR MAXSE

GENERAL SIR IVOR MAXSE, who died on January 28 at the age of ninety-five, was an officer of outstanding merit, whose powers of leadership and novel methods of training won him renown on the Western Front during the latter part of World War I, and were not without influence in the subsequent development of the British Army.

Though he was only a year younger than Haig, it was his misfortune to be denied the highest commands at a time when he could undoubtedly have done justice to them. But he made the very best of his opportunities, as Divisional and Corps Commander, as Inspector-General of Training in France, and finally as G.O.C. in C., Northern Command. Captain B. H. Liddell Hart, whose unconventional talent he spotted, has written that he possessed "a spark of genius". Had Maxse been given the scope which was later given to one of his disciples, the present Field-Marshal Lord Montgomery, the victory of the Allies in World War I might have been swifter and less costly.

He came of a remarkable family. His father was a close friend of Meredith and is immortalized as the hero of *Beauchamp's Career*. His brother Leo was for many years editor of *The National Review* (though he was not its founder, as wrongly stated in *The Times*). Lady Milner, who succeeded Leo as editor, is their sister. The family's prevailing characteristics are independence of mind, doggedness, forthrightness and a love of argument. Military discipline did not deprive Sir Ivor of these inherited traits. He was a Maxse in uniform, but a Maxse none the less.

In addition to the qualities which have been mentioned, he had another which is by no

means invariably found among what is known as the "top brass"; he was unselfish and free from petty vanity. When others deserved credit he was always glad to give it to them. It is sad to reflect that this virtue may have been an obstacle to his own advancement, because he never pushed himself. But, like Sir David Henderson's in the Air Force, his fame will be cherished by those who care to study the detail of events and who are capable of assessing men at their true worth.

men at their true worth.

In 1930 he became Chairman of the National Review Ltd. and presided over the company's affairs, with firmness and skill, until it changed hands in 1948. He was aware of the *Review's* importance, as one of the very few organs of the British Press which were striving to draw attention to the German danger; and he kept its business affairs in good order. His shrewdness as an investor was admired by people who, unlike him, had devoted their lives to the study of practical finance.

When he left the Army his main interest was fruit farming, which he carried on with the same efficiency and enterprise that he had shown in his professional career. Until very near the end of his life, when he was incapacitated by a stroke, he took an active part in the work of his farm in Sussex and his apple trees received his personal attention. A civilized man, he was not content to brood over past campaigns; the arts of peace attracted him and his thoughts were for the present and future.

In paying our tribute to this fine veteran, with his record of useful service and his lively, indomitable spirit, we should like to offer our sympathy to his relations, whose sense of loss we share.



Hulton Picture Library.

Dossier No. 1

HAROLD MACMILLAN

THE key to an understanding of Harold Macmillan is that he is not what he seems; that the popular conception of him, which he has done much to encourage, is highly misleading.

An Edwardian dandy? A fragrant survival from the Indian summer of aristocratic rule, when the fate of nations was settled at country house-parties and life was infinitely spacious for the few, infinitely rugged for the many? Not a bit of it. Macmillan had little to do with the society of which he is now thought to be a caricature specimen. As a young man he was serious and rather dim; almost what, in the contemporary jargon, would be called an outsider. But an outsider not infrequently wins the race, and Macmillan is a case in point.

Compare his performance with that of another man of his generation, who was indeed a social figure *par excellence*—the late Lord Norwich. The similarities are there: Eton, Oxford, Grenadier Guards, a ducal marriage, Parliament and high office. But look at the differences. Macmillan was in College at Eton; Duff Cooper was an Oppidan. At Oxford Macmillan took a First, Duff Cooper a Second. In the "world" of his youth Duff Cooper was a prominent figure, Macmillan a virtual nonentity (he is not mentioned in *Old Men Forget*). Duff Cooper was an immediate political, as he had been a social, success; he was a junior Minister in the 'twenties, a Secretary of State in the 'thirties. During all this time Macmillan was on the back benches. But when at last he was on the way in, Duff Cooper was on the way out. And later, while Macmillan was building 300,000 houses a year, Duff Cooper was living in retirement in a French *château*. Both the parallels and the divergences are instructive.

* * *

It would be difficult to imagine a family background more suitable for a mid-20th-century Prime Minister than that of Harold Macmillan. At not too remote a period in the past there is a link with the people: his great-grandfather was an Argyllshire crofter. His grandfather, Daniel, provides an example of Victorian thrift and enterprise as the founder of the family publishing business. His father, Maurice (whose godparents were F. D.

Maurice and Charles Kingsley) not only added to the prosperity of the firm, but provided the future Prime Minister with two admirable political assets, an American mother and a sizeable fortune.

Born in February 1894, Harold Macmillan was elected a King's Scholar at Eton in 1906. His election also included two other prominent Conservative politicians, Lord Crookshank and Sir Henry Willink. The Master in College during these impressionable years was the late Dr. Cyril Alington, that most sensitive and inspiring schoolmaster and divine.

Few legends have clung to the youthful Prime Minister as they did to Winston Churchill at the rival establishment on the Hill. He is remembered as quiet and studious at his work and a competent performer at the Wall Game.

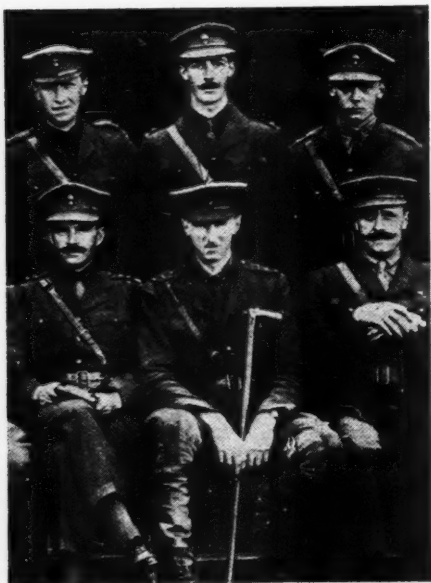
From Eton he won an exhibition to Balliol. He has in recent months shown much pride in having been the first K.S. since Walpole and the first Balliol man since Asquith to become Prime Minister. (A Labour M.P. has described him privately as "the most intelligent Prime Minister since Asquith.")

It was at Oxford that his political wings began to open. Walter Monckton, then President of the Union, gave him his first opportunity of speaking on the paper at the Union. On one occasion there he moved a motion approving of Socialism. In turn he succeeded A. P. Herbert as Secretary and Harry Strauss (now Lord Conesford) as Junior Treasurer of the Union. This did not deflect him from his work. He took a First in Classical Mods in 1914.

In November 1914 Harold Macmillan joined the Grenadier Guards. There survives a photograph of the 4th Battalion taken in the following year, in which a slim and heavily moustached subaltern stands next to the sturdier figure of Osbert Sitwell. Though Sir Osbert was later to write five volumes of autobiography, the future Prime Minister is not one of the *Noble Essences* he has recaptured.

Macmillan showed himself a fearless soldier. At the Battle of Loos he was wounded in the head. In July 1916, with the 2nd Battalion, he was wounded slightly for the second time when on patrol. On the Somme in September

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By kind permission of the Household Brigade Magazine.
MACMILLAN (BACK ROW: CENTRE) AS A YOUNG
OFFICER IN THE GRENADIERS.

he was wounded yet again, but carried on until struck for the fourth time.

As in all wars, the award of decorations was capricious. Macmillan was not even mentioned in despatches, though by general agreement he deserved more. Some years later, at the beginning of his political life, he was much embarrassed by a mistake made by one of his political organizers, who printed the letters "M.C." after his name in all good faith. They would not have been out of place.

In 1919 his appointment as A.D.C. to the Duke of Devonshire, Governor-General of Canada, brought him the hand of Lady Dorothy Cavendish, one of the Duke's daughters, whom he married at St. Margaret's, Westminster, in April 1920. Queen Alexandra was in the congregation, and the King and Queen sent the bride a diamond brooch. A "good marriage"? Yes, but here again appearances are apt to be deceptive. Like her husband, Lady Dorothy is not quite all that she seems in some respects, and a great deal more than she seems in others. To the casual observer she is just a typical English upper-class cup of tea; but on closer inspection he would find that it was laced with liquid of a more stimulating kind.

From 1924 to 1929, and again from 1931 to

1945, Macmillan was Conservative M.P. for Stockton-on-Tees. In 1923 he contested the seat for the first time, but lost to the Liberal candidate by 73 votes. He won the seat by a majority of over 3,000 in the following year, only to lose it to Labour by 2,000 in 1929. The same year he courageously refused a safe seat at Hitchin, and was returned for Stockton in 1931.

A Parliamentary observer of these early years in the House compared his undemonstrative fluency with that of Bonar Law; he also detected a certain grace of style. He spoke rarely except on social and economic questions such as rating, industrial organization and, above all, unemployment. "Quite able, but I think rather pedestrian," was the view of another commentator, Tom Jones.

* * *

His publication on *Reconstruction* in 1933 was a twin attack both on Communism and Fascism at a time when most of his Parliamentary colleagues saw no evil in either one or the other. Certainly he saw no enchantment in Soviet Russia, which he visited in 1932. On his return he made an endearing comment:

I may be condemned as dull and unobservant, but I do not feel that my brief visit entitles me to make pronouncements on the political, economic and cultural problems of 160 million people spread over one-sixth of the earth's surface.

With Josiah Stamp, Lionel Hitchens and Ernest Simon, he advocated the founding of a fact-finding institute to advise on economic planning. Without planning, he felt, there could be no solution to the growing evil of unemployment. In particular, he advocated the compulsory closing of redundant industries—a bold policy for a Conservative M.P. of the early 1930s.

Macmillan, having studied the problem of unemployment at its most acute in the North, made no secret of his contempt for the feeble measures followed by the National Government. He described his front-bench colleagues as "disused slagheaps"—a topical variation of Disraeli's "extinct volcanoes."

He even flirted with the idea of a coalition of progressive Conservatives, right-wing Socialists and Lloyd George "New Dealers." "I am not prepared to go on in politics as a rigid party politician," he told the electors in 1935. *The Next Five Years*, written by Macmillan in conjunction with Lord Allen of Hurtwood, Lord Salter and Geoffrey Crow-

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ther, again pleaded for economic planning untrammelled by political dogma.

In a newspaper interview in 1936 he stated that "a party dominated by second-class brewers and company promoters—a casino capitalism—is not likely to represent anybody but itself." And he went on to forecast that a moderate Labour Party, led by Herbert Morrison, could sweep the country. A more practical measure to ease unemployment was his gift of £3,000 towards a new social centre in Stockton, in memory of his father and of his grandfather.

During these years he was also working hard as a publisher. This gave him an entry to the worlds both of business and letters. Some of his authors—Hugh Walpole, for instance—became close personal friends.

He had also become fond of shooting and of club life. This attachment to the rattle of political gossip nearly proved disastrous in 1940 when, with Speaker Morrison and the present Lord Hailsham, he escaped unhurt from the ruins of the Carlton Club. More recently it has proved embarrassing with the appearance in print of odd remarks alleged to have been made by him.

In the immediate pre-war years Harold Macmillan continued to press for economic and social reform, notably in his book *The Middle Way*. This advocated that there should be a guaranteed minimum standard of life for all through the exercise of controls—the Welfare State, in fact—but that private enterprise should flourish outside these limits.

He became increasingly concerned, however, by the foreign policy of the National Government. His hostility to the dictators was fierce and courageous. In July 1936 he renounced the Conservative whip in the Commons after voting with the Socialists against the Government. He disagreed with its foreign policy in general and its decision to abandon sanctions against Italy in particular. Yet he received (pace the electors of Bournemouth East after a more recent controversy in foreign affairs) a vote of confidence from his Stockton constituents.

A year later he asked once more to receive the Conservative whip; in view of the deteriorating foreign situation he felt he would be of more value within the party ranks. At the time of Munich he once more toyed with the idea of a Coalition Government composed of Socialists, Liberals and dissident Tories. Mr. Dalton's memoirs describe how at the height of the Munich crisis Macmillan took him to Brendan Bracken's house in Lord



Picture Post Library.

LEAVING ST. MARGARET'S WITH LADY DOROTHY, AFTER THEIR WEDDING, APRIL, 1920.

North Street to meet Sir Winston, Anthony Eden and J. P. L. Thomas (now Lord Cilcennin). It was at this time too that Macmillan confided to Dalton his fears that Chamberlain might try to launch a "coupon election" on the tide of his supposed victory at Munich.

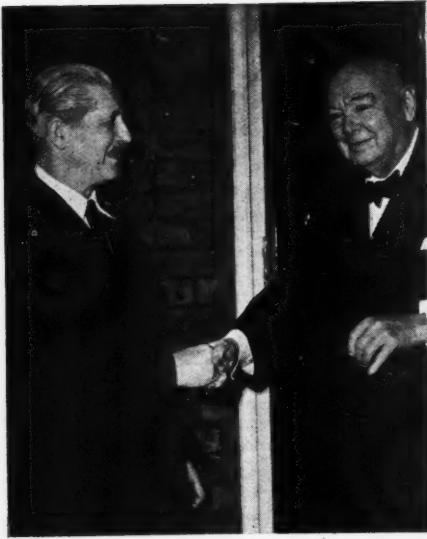
During the debate which followed the temporary settlement, Macmillan abstained from a motion approving Government policy, in company with a band of about thirty Tories. Later in the same year he spoke for the independent candidate in the Oxford bye-election and against the official Tory candidate, who is now Chairman of the Conservative Party.

* * *

Until the formation of Winston Churchill's Government, Macmillan played no part in the official conduct of the war. Early in 1940, however, he spent several weeks in Finland studying the operations of the Finnish Army against the Russians. Geoffrey Dawson, editor of *The Times*, recorded in his diary that he found Macmillan's written account of this absorbing.

At the end of the debate which led to Mr. Chamberlain's resignation, Harold Macmillan

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Keystone.

WITH SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL, JANUARY, 1957.

began to sing *Rule Britannia*, accompanied by "Jos" Wedgwood. It might have been expected that Winston Churchill would give him a big opportunity, in view of his talents, his admirable record and his long vigil in the wilderness. But the new Prime Minister's policy was one of relative indemnity for his enemies and relative oblivion for his friends.

While Munich men were kept in high office (or even, like Lord Margesson, promoted to it) Macmillan, though at last admitted to the Government, was left for two years in junior posts. It is also noteworthy that Churchill makes no reference to him in *The Gathering Storm*.

In 1942 he was appointed Minister Resident at Allied Headquarters in North-West Africa, and he remained with Field-Marshal Alexander, as British politician in attendance, until the end of the war. In this capacity he earned golden opinions—not least from the future President Eisenhower.

His knowledge of French enabled him to deal direct with French personalities, in particular with General de Gaulle, though on one occasion the latter used a phrase which he could not understand. Bursting into Macmillan's office he exclaimed (in relation to some Allied communication) "*c'est une mise en demeure*." Macmillan was stumped—but the phrase was to have an unpleasant signifi-

cance in Anglo-French affairs some years later. It means "ultimatum."

After a brief spell as Air Minister in the Caretaker Government, Macmillan was defeated at Stockton in the 1945 landslide. But a safe seat was soon found for him at Bromley in Kent and his qualities were at a premium during the lean years which followed. His economic heresies of the 1930s were now gratefully remembered by a party tainted with the memory of unemployment.

But more important in the development of his own character was his tendency, during this period, to accept uncritically Churchillian attitudes towards the outside world. This landed him in a false view of the Commonwealth, an attempt to build up Europe as an organic whole on American lines, and a somewhat ideological approach to the problem of Russia. Each of these has been a grave liability to him ever since, though now at last there are signs that he is beginning to escape from their baleful influence.

It is interesting to speculate why he was so peculiarly susceptible to the Churchillian mystique. Both men are half-American, and are therefore apt to fall into the trap of being more British than the British; also of trying to apply American solutions to Europe. But apart from the transatlantic connection another and subtler factor may have been at work.

In this country Churchill's origins are English; Macmillan's are Scottish. And there is a famous precedent for the hero-worship by a Scotsman of a more-than-lifesize English worthy. What Johnson was to Boswell, Churchill may have been to Macmillan. But whereas Boswell put his idolatry into immortal words, Macmillan tried to put his into deeds—with disastrous results.

For a time, however, after the Tory comeback in 1951, he was employed on the home front. As Minister of Housing he reached and surpassed a vote-catching target which he must now be cursing in privacy, because it is one of the causes of our inflationary troubles. At Party Conferences only Churchill and Eden were greeted with more enthusiasm; yet there was a general assumption that, in the absence of the two *prima donnas*, Mr. R. A. Butler would succeed to the leadership.

After a short stint at the Ministry of Defence, Macmillan became Foreign Secretary in the Eden Cabinet. He was one of the worst in our history. Still clinging to an out-of-date view of the part which Britain could and should play in the world, his mind filled

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with cant about "Imperial responsibilities," "Western Christian civilization" and "the European heritage," he embarked upon a career of folly for which we have as yet only begun to pay the price.

He is as much to blame as any other single man for the fatal deterioration in Cyprus. His European policy was inane, and clumsily executed. In the Middle East he made the elementary mistake of trying to resist Russian penetration by means of a military pact.

Finally (though this was after he had left the Foreign Office) there was the supreme catastrophe of the Suez incident, which was the hideous, though logical, consequence of the thoughtless jingoism with which he had become infected.

Meanwhile he had been doing good work at the Treasury, to which he had been moved when it became apparent that Mr. Butler was a broken reed. This was the first serious indication that he might reach No. 10 Downing Street, whose occupant was already showing his temperamental unfitness for the highest post. As Chancellor of the Exchequer, Macmillan was established in the next-door house.

* * *

The circumstances in which he became Prime Minister, and the way he has conducted himself since, will present his biographer with problems both of explanation and of apology. Not since Disraeli has the old guard of the Tory Party been more brilliantly fooled.

Throughout the Suez crisis Macmillan had retained his reputation as a Blimp, and it stood him in good stead when the Premiership became vacant and the Queen had to choose a man who would be supported by a majority in Parliament. Despite his efforts to keep in with everybody, Butler was suspected of having been against the attack on Egypt. Macmillan therefore got the job.

In fact, the Conservative Party was pledging itself to the better man—though for the wrong reasons. The proper objection to Butler would have been that he had shown a lack of stamina (to say the least) in not resigning, if he was indeed opposed to the Cabinet's policy. Equally, the proper reason

for welcoming Macmillan was not that he had helped to promote an idiotic and dishonest course of action, but that he was the sort of man who, seeing his mistake, would have the mental agility and the brazenness to turn round and move as rapidly as possible in the opposite direction.

This he has certainly done; and there are many rank-and-file Tories who still do not know what has hit them. But Lord Salisbury soon found out and withdrew in dudgeon to Hatfield. Angus Maude has found out and is transporting himself and his family to Australia. Captain Charles Waterhouse has left Parliament and is now attending to business interests in Africa.

Yet Macmillan's position is still precarious. A political leader can afford to quarrel with the past, but he cannot afford to quarrel with the future. Whatever may have been the immediate causes of Mr. Thorneycroft's resignation, his protest against excessive Government expenditure is in tune with the nation's needs.

The Prime Minister mishandled the Thorneycroft affair (probably on account of his instinctive fear of unemployment) and he will be hard put to it to recover the ground he has lost. He will also have great difficulty in extricating himself from the European entanglements which he may now have found to be incompatible with our Commonwealth relations and with the prospect of an agreement with Russia on the future of Germany.

His Commonwealth tour may have added cubits to his political stature. Suez changed his mind, but what he saw on his travels, especially in India, may perhaps have changed his heart. If so, he may surmount all obstacles and turn out to be a good Prime Minister yet. He may even win the next election.

In any case, his is a character which deserves careful study. It is an odd mixture of shrewdness and silliness, of bigness and smallness, of prudence and impetuosity. There is more than a touch of Machiavelli in the man whom the public knows as Mac; but there is also a touch of the strong-mindedness combined with intellectual discipline which has made Scotsmen among the world's most effective rulers.

Next Month: Hugh Gaitskell

ADULTEROUS GENERATION?

By CHRISTOPHER DRIVER

THE Archbishop of Canterbury, with his usual flair for a headline, made A.I.D. into the kind of news which even the stuffiest newspaper finds it impossible to ignore. Unfortunately, the only clear deduction which could be made from his speech was that Dr. Fisher does not know what adultery is, and, as he observed himself, "it is a serious thing for a clergyman to mislead a nationwide audience." It is even doubtful whether the Archbishop is entirely at home in English Law, since as reported at the time he nowhere pointed out that A.I.D. could be made a ground for divorce—that is, a civil offence—without its having to be made a crime as well. The only alternative assumption is that the Church of England, officially, would rather create a new crime than allow a new ground for divorce.

A.I.D. is at present statistically negligible. Three hundred cases a year—a rough estimate from the medical evidence—do not make a Brave New World, and there is no fear as yet of the episcopal bench being manned by a platoon of pre-selected, pre-conditioned Beta Minuses, even though it is hard to resist the argument that this describes the present state of affairs rather well. For the Archbishop's case—apart from its theological instability—rests on an astonishing ignorance of the world as it is. Thousands of mature, law-abiding people walking the earth to-day could not tell you who their fathers were; thousands more would tell you the wrong one. On the whole it is lack of a father, rather than temporary or permanent ignorance of the true parentage, which makes a mal-adjusted child into a delinquent adult. Even the doctors concerned seem to under-estimate the capacity of a grown-up person to accept the truth about his origins, even if the truth is that certainty is impossible, provided that it comes in the right way at the right time from the right people.

It is instructive to examine some of the Anglo-Saxon attitudes uncovered by this controversy. For instance, the suggestion made by Dr. Wand's Commission that A.I.D. should become a criminal offence puts it on a level not with adultery or adoption, nor even with birth control, but with abortion. This too is a sphere where the omniscience of

doctors is put under restraint, though in fact it is generally accepted that the doctor, rather than the priest or the lawyer, should decide if a woman is medically or psychologically in need of an abortion. Legal in some countries, abortion is illegal here presumably because it is felt to be an incitement to promiscuity if allowed indiscriminately, as well as being a form of murder very dangerous to the murderer's health. The inevitable result is that abortions are performed illegally, often with disastrous results, and it may be observed in passing that outlawing A.I.D. would very probably result in the least desirable mothers finding a practitioner enthusiastic or unscrupulous enough to make the technique available, while the conscientious, "compassionate" cases had to forego it.

Certainly, some regulation would seem inevitable, if only to protect the medical profession. The position of an A.I.D. specialist in the witness-box is unenviable. Under subpoena he cannot plead professional secrecy, and might even find it difficult to protect the donor from an attempt by the husband to serve an affiliation order on him. Furthermore, few can be really satisfied with a haphazard arrangement whereby the doctor obtains from the couple concerned a promise not to get a divorce and to bring the child up "in a religious faith," and caps this piece of amateur home-making by encouraging the parents to falsify the birth registration—an offence which, as C. H. Rolph pointed out in the *New Statesman*, carries a maximum penalty of seven years in gaol.

Touching the legal position, A.I.D. without consent should probably be made a ground for divorce, as the Morton Commission recommended, unless it could already be regarded as tantamount to cruelty. But it should not be forgotten that if English matrimonial law had not been constructed expressly to please—or at least not offend—the Church, the Archbishop's problem would never have arisen. If marriage breakdown rather than the matrimonial offence were the criterion for granting divorces, A.I.D. without the husband's consent would naturally be admissible, under the new dispensation, as evidence of a broken union. This would be a very much safer proceeding than making it an independent

ADULTEROUS GENERATION?

ground for divorce, since A.I.D., even without the husband's consent, is not necessarily evidence of marriage breakdown, though of course it would usually be so. Suppose a woman with a sterile husband wishes out of misplaced kindness to make him think he has given her a child, and conceives one by artificial insemination. If the facts came to light, and A.I.D. were automatically a ground, the husband could get a decree in his favour whether or not this was the really relevant factor in the breakdown.

Public attention has been concentrated on the immediate social and legal problems which have already clustered round A.I.D. It may therefore be as well to bring under discussion a few questions which at this stage may seem far-fetched, but which could quite easily become matters of great ethical concern as the technique develops, especially if it became, like wigs and spectacles, a feature of the Health Service.

For instance, it has generally been assumed that the women—if any—to avail themselves of A.I.D. should be married. We might reflect on the alternative possibility. If the word "frustrated" has ever sprung to our lips after an encounter with a certain type of single lady, ought we to deny her the means of fulfilment? My own view is that we should, and for three reasons: first, that few women give up hope of marrying till they are of an age at which children at all, let alone fatherless ones, present problems of their own; second, that a fatherless child, brought up from birth by a mother with a living to earn, and suffering from a particularly vicious form of communal opprobrium, is very unlikely to turn out well; and third (an argument which is not meant to seem brutal), that the country needs more single women than in the next half century it is likely to get. By 1977, according to the Royal Commission on Population, men in England will outnumber women, and it would be regrettable if the headmistress, the civil servant, the hospital sister and the maiden aunt were to go the way of the gnu and the dodo.

Again, little notice has been taken of the surprisingly wide indications for A.I.D., as they were described by Dr. Margaret Jackson (1. Irremediable sterility of the husband. 2. Previous family history of Rhesus tragedies. 3. Inheritable disability of the husband. 4. General eugenic considerations.) In these days of total blood transfusions, Rhesus incompatibility is not quite the problem it was, and few husbands would waive their pro-

creative rights on this ground alone. But mental disability makes the problem acute. A society with mental hospitals like ours should feel nothing but gratitude to a sane husband, conscious of transmissible mental defect in his family, who agreed with his wife to use A.I.D. rather than run the risk of contributing further to the overcrowded misery of the average asylum. Ironically enough, if the husband should himself possess this defect, we feel unable to compel and reluctant even to recommend sterilization. It can only be noted that the gains from this reluctance outweigh the losses. All of us wish to be preserved from the uncontrolled perfectionism of the Buchenwald doctors.

Eugenics, in fact, is a field where desire is gradually losing its lead over performance. No doctor would describe Aldous Huxley's Utopian vision—the laboratory development of embryos from selected ovaries, their eggs fertilized by free-swimming spermatozoa—as anything but theoretically possible, but it may soon be practicable to forecast the sex of a child by examining the behaviour under electrical charge of a donor's sperms. (This possibility would have saved Henry VIII a great deal of trouble.) Before setting out on this path, we should fix a few rules and a stopping-place. If, for example, we continue to value a stable family, we must always insist on the careful matching of donor to husband, and resist the temptation to establish an intellectual stud-farm. We are in a position here to draw on the experience of families who adopted refugee children of unknown origin, and were distressed when they turned out cleverer and more artistic, or stupider and more philistine, than their adoptive parents.

Enough has been said to show that the arguments from social well-being are many-sided. But in a country where religious issues are still potentially explosive, it is equally important to cast a cold eye on the theological and philosophical assumptions which underlie the Archbishop's speech—indeed, all the Archbishop's speeches. It is quite properly realized that A.I.D. is *sui generis*. As the *Spectator* pointed out, it is not really like adultery, and is only made to appear so by the Church's fixed habit of regarding the procreation of children as the central element in marriage. This habit, despite the unquenchable issue of pamphlets from Lambeth Palace, may be on the way out. In recent years there have been some signs of a *rap-prochement* on an intellectual level between Christian and secular thought on sex and

marriage—a field where for centuries they have been sharply opposed. And in the present context it is possible to welcome the considered judgment of the *British Weekly* on A.I.D.: "Under the medical safeguards which apply, how can such a thing be less than good? The fact that it is open to abuse no more invalidates it than it does God's greatest and probably most abused gift—the gift of sex itself."

However, the theological revolution is best expressed in a little-known book by Dr. Sherwin Bailey (Study Secretary to the Church of England Moral Welfare Council), entitled *The Mystery of Love and Marriage* (S.C.M. 1951). He makes it clear that the Biblical (and especially the Pauline) teaching about "one flesh," though ideally fulfilled only in marriage, relates in the first place to sexual intercourse of any kind. Without the experience of union there is no marriage—and consequently without this experience there can be no adultery either. Dr. Bailey writes: "May we say that marriage has different, rather than primary and secondary, ends?—that its chief institutional (and biological) purpose is procreation; that in relation to the personal life its first object is integration and fulfilment; and that ontologically its unitive end is primary. . . . Marriage must be assessed primarily as a personal relation." D. H. Lawrence could have read this passage without striking out a word. It is because the Church and the Law have occupied themselves (and us) exclusively with the institutional aspects of marriage that we have become unable to regard the conception of another man's child, even outside the "one flesh" relationship, as anything other than adulterous.

The true comment, therefore, on artificial insemination is not that it disrupts the family, breaks the marriage bond and damages

society—in itself, it does none of these things—but that it is as near as we have yet come to creating life where under natural conditions there would be none. This raises ultimate questions, which are not answered by producing some such slogan as "Leave creation to God." In every generation man reaches out and grasps another of the powers which his fathers regarded as exclusively divine. This, surely, is his Creator's intention. It happens that the acquisition of the power to assist creation is a particularly dramatic example; medical science has hitherto been chiefly concerned to preserve life, not to make it. It follows that our status in the universe is determined not so much by what we do as by what we are capable of doing. It is because we are generally more interested in rooting-up than in planting that our epitaph as a species is likely to be Galba's—*capax imperii nisi imperasset*. And it is not irrelevant to this controversy that the vast expenditure of skill and public money on harnessing the forces of nature to cosmic destruction should pass with less comment from the orthodox than a mere 300 cases a year.

To sum up: there seems to be no social, moral or theological first principle which could make it necessary to put A.I.D. under unconditional interdict. The need now is for exact and informed debate—the kind of thing which Scandinavian countries manage very much better than we do. In this situation it is not helpful of the Archbishop to adopt tactics already familiar from his divorce speeches, and to treat the nation as though it was a junior dorm. at Repton, guilty of practices which none of the housemasters can bring themselves to specify. Even an adulterous generation is entitled to expect something better from its high priests.

CHRISTOPHER DRIVER.

TRIBUNALS OF INQUIRY THE PRICE OF TRUTH

By ANTHONY LINCOLN

SO long as there is a clear contest on defined issues between opposing parties, and someone to listen and adjudicate, the English feel comfortable. This is their traditional technique in litigation, civil or

criminal, and, no doubt because it goes back to jousting days, it is sometimes described as gladiatorial. The French *juge d'instruction*, who interrogates anyone he chooses to call before him *in camera*, in an attempt to rootle

TRIBUNALS OF INQUIRY

out an offence, is regarded with suspicion by the common lawyer and his supporters.

It is no wonder, then, that on the rare but highly publicized occasions when Parliament has resorted to the fact-finding tribunals of inquiry, there has been much disquiet and anxiety at the procedures adopted. In 1948 Mr. Attlee, in the course of moving the adoption of the Lynskey Tribunal report, referred to what he described as "certain disadvantages in the procedure of the Tribunals of Inquiry (Evidence) Act. The public," he said, "find it very difficult to understand that an inquiry of this sort is not a trial of accused persons." In point of fact, the Act itself provides no guidance as to procedure whatsoever; the Law Officers may cast themselves in any role, protagonistic or attending as *amici curiae*, or they may not participate at all. They may lead the hunt or watch it from behind. Thus Sir Hartley Shawcross in his opening speech before the Lynskey Tribunal said: "I am not here to make a case against anybody. Witnesses called will be the witnesses not of my particular party but the witnesses whom the Tribunal desires to have examined." This was the role Sir Hartley set himself; but in fact he proceeded to list the witnesses whom he proposed to call and the order in which he would call them, and he soon became the dominant figure at the hearing.

Now the usual justification for the ambivalent position adopted by the Law Officers is that they are neither for nor against anyone, like Dante's sinners in limbo, being only concerned with the ascertainment of the facts. This may be so, but what are the consequences for the witnesses whom the public may suppose to be on trial? They are deprived of very important advantages which they enjoy as of right in the ordinary courts.

When a witness proposes to give evidence in a Court of Law, his testimony is usually reduced to writing beforehand and embodied in a "proof." The narrative set out in the proof is absolutely privileged and confidential. Counsel calling him as a witness or appearing for him as a party has the advantage of having this proof in his hands when examining the witness in the box. The examination is, or should be, a sort of collaboration in which counsel merely guides the witness, but he cannot suggest to the witness the answers which he is expected to give. The effect of this system is beneficial to the witness in two ways. He gives his account from his own recollection with as much spontaneity as is possible in the circumstances, whereas if the words are put

into his mouth and he simply answers "yes," they carry little weight with the Court. Secondly, the witness is given an opportunity of "being himself" under the guidance of friendly counsel, so that the Court may observe his demeanour in favourable circumstances. Then he is subjected to cross-examination by hostile counsel who has never had access to the proof of this witness. The witness is thus left in no doubt that he is now confronted by the enemy and he adjusts his reactions accordingly.

What becomes of these advantages in the flexible procedure of the tribunal of inquiry? At the Bank Rate Tribunal the principal witnesses were examined by the Attorney-General on the basis of facts and statements, many of which had come into his hands from the witnesses themselves. These statements, privileged in normal litigation, provided him with the material for his questions; in fact, they constituted his "proof." The content of these statements were then put to the witness by a series of leading questions requiring only formal endorsement by the witness; his part at this stage was confined to the somewhat rigid one of agreeing to his own statement. Then with a somewhat cursory warning the Attorney-General launched into the hostilities of cross-examination. When this ended, counsel (if any) representing the witness was permitted to "re-examine" his bewildered client with a view to dressing any wounds that might have been inflicted. The effect of this is that the witness had the worst of all systems, inquisitorial or not, and the benefit of none. That the "accused" witnesses were in fact cleared was due in large part to the careful and prolonged questions put by the Tribunal (e.g. on the conflict of a Bank director's interests).

The question of the Law Officer's role is undeniably a difficult one. It may involve him in a distasteful conflict with his own colleagues (as in the Lynskey Tribunal); it may require him as a lawyer to bring about the downfall of his own Government. In a recent debate Sir Reginald Manningham-Buller poured scorn on the suggestion that the Attorney-General's participation in the hearing means that the Government itself participates. Does the Government participate, he asked, in every prosecution in the Courts in which the Law Officers appear? This analogy is unlikely to reassure those who have long believed that, to avoid just such an impression, Law Officers ought not to take part in prosecutions involving political offences. An obvious method

of averting this conflict of interest is to brief counsel to represent the Tribunal. This is commonly done in the United States to assist Senatorial sub-committees in their fact-finding enquiries; and a conspicuously successful example was the Nigerian Bank enquiry. It is by no means a cure, but it might well prove an emollient.

It is not difficult to point to many other ugly features which, though procedural, may entail serious consequences for the unfortunate individuals upon whom the dazzling light of the Tribunal may suddenly be turned. Thus at the outset of the hearing it may not be apparent that a particular individual is likely to be implicated at all. The Tribunal may (reasonably) refuse his application to be represented at the proceedings; yet wholly unpredictable matters may be disclosed involving anyone at any time. And once the disclosure is made, the victim's case for being represented would be unanswerable, but his belated intervention, if not useless, could well be less effective than if he had participated from the beginning.

Again, the findings of these Tribunals may well smash reputations more irreparably than any litigation in the High Court. But the 1921 Act provides no right of appeal and, since they are not courts of record and the proceedings before them are not contentions between parties, it is very improbable that an aggrieved party could appeal, by way of *certiorari* or any other prerogative writ, to the ordinary courts. Parliament has the last, as it had the first, word, and hitherto it has left its victims without remedy.

The ugliest aspect of all I have left to the last—"the unthinking cruelty of publicity,"

Baldwin's phrase that rose to the lips of both Mr. Attlee and Mr. Churchill as they watched Mr. Belcher withdraw from public life. The suggestion that judicial or semi-judicial proceedings should be held *in camera* invariably arouses passionate objection; justice must be done openly, it is said, so that it can be seen that there is no injustice or corruption—not a very flattering remark, on any view, and one which totally disregards the fact that a great number of cases and legal contests are heard privately in the Law Courts. And in some actions, notably divorce cases, only the judgments are reported in the Press, although the public may attend the hearings. There is no protest at this salutary method of confining the bandying of reputations within four walls until judgment is pronounced. It is difficult not to believe that the real motive for these passionate protests is elemental curiosity and nothing more.

Under the 1921 Act the Tribunal has the power to conduct its proceedings *in camera*, but the tendency of all judicial bodies is to exercise this power rarely. Again it is for Parliament to protect the individual from the damaging effects of its own Franksteins; it could be done by allowing the hearings to be in public, but prohibiting publication until the findings have been given. The inquisitorial methods of investigation in France may not appeal to the English mind, but they possess at least this virtue, that innocent men are not broken by premature or disproportionate publicity. If we are so keen on truth-hunting that we regard a few reputations as a small price to pay, then it is high time that the 1921 Act was repealed.

ANTHONY LINCOLN.

HOW TO REACH THE SUMMIT

By DENYS SMITH

WHEN Americans complain that public opinion in Western Europe is moving towards political isolationism (witness the big impression made by George Kennan's "disengagement" views, termed by his former chief Dean Acheson "isolationism dressed up in fancy English") the *tu quoque* answer could be made that American opinion seems to be moving in the direction of economic isolationism. No magnifying glass is needed to detect Congressional opposition to the President's foreign aid and freer trade proposals. For-

eigners have no vote, and both are narrowly regarded as measures to help the foreigner. He is to be helped, moreover, at a time when the United States is suffering from an economic decline and must shoulder increased defence burdens on behalf of the free world.

The recipients of aid do not do much to encourage the argument that it is money well spent in America's enlightened self-interest, that in the long run it adds to American security at bargain rates. They cut down their own military expenditures, abolish compulsory

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military service, which is no more popular in America than elsewhere, and, above all, blame America for the fact that Russia will agree to no safeguarded disarmament plan which could reduce the world's burden of armaments and remove the fear of atomic war.

The European attitude towards a summit conference proves irritating to both political parties. The Democrats are quite prepared to criticize Republican foreign policy, but not on the grounds that it opposes a quick unprepared dash to the top of a political Everest. There is no "agreement at any price" sentiment in the American opposition party. Its attitude is more nearly one of defence at any cost. Its complaint is that the Republican administration has allowed the United States to lag behind Russia in military strength. Even more serious than thus allowing Russia to out-produce the United States is its fault in allowing Russia to outpreach the United States. When Russia's rigidity and inflexibility are so clearly demonstrable, only egregious mis-handling could let the idea gain ground abroad that in some way the United States was responsible for continuing world tensions.

The Democrats are as ready to criticize Dulles as any foreigner, but it does Dulles no disservice at home when the Russians hint that everything would go well if only he were removed. It makes the critics wonder whether there is not something to be said for Dulles after all. There are few people in America who share the happy hope of so many Europeans that all the world's troubles could be quickly settled by a stroke of the pen at the summit. They recognize that if a Russian proposal is good it does not need a summit conference to accept it. An important Russo-American agreement on cultural exchanges was reached at the lower diplomatic level. If a Russian proposal is bad it is just as bad at the top level as at the lower level. But while the United States thinks that it takes a more realistic attitude towards political discussions with Russia than Europe, it is hard to see anything realistic in the approach of many Americans to economic problems which concern its friends.

The excuse often heard in Congress is that the "people back home" do not understand the necessity of foreign aid and foreign trade. They think of foreign aid as a give-away programme, as money down the drain, which has brought the United States no dividends, has evoked no feeling of gratitude and done nothing to diminish foreign envy and hostility. When the President is proposing to cut down

federal funds for rivers and harbours, which bring money directly into many constituencies (for which their members claim the credit) it is hard to stir up enthusiasm for foreign irrigation programmes and dams on the Irrawaddy. "I am opposed to restoring the garden of Eden abroad when we cannot even restore the drought-stricken lands of our own Western States," said Senator Talmadge recently. It is just as hard in a constituency suffering from unemployment to support increased imports of foreign goods. There is a mental block which prevents the simple relationship between foreign sales and foreign imports from being recognized.

Supporters of the President recognize that if there were no foreign economic aid many underdeveloped countries would have to turn to the Soviet bloc for help. This is given in the form of credits which have to be repaid in goods, so Soviet bloc aid is a prelude to Soviet bloc trade. United States trade would be squeezed out and the country become increasingly dependent upon the Soviets. It would not be long before economic dependence was translated into political dependence.

Russia herself fully recognizes the importance of the aid-trade rivalry. Khrushchev told the American publisher W. R. Hearst, Jr., "We declare war upon you—excuse me for using such an expression—in the peaceful field of trade. We declare a war we will win over the United States. The threat to the United States is not the ICBM, but in the field of peaceful production. We are relentless in this and it will prove the superiority of our system." The President and the Executive branch of the Government also recognize this new challenge. In his message on the State of the Union Mr. Eisenhower referred to Russia's "massive economic offensive" as a war "that has already been launched against us." It was a non-military drive "that could defeat the free world regardless of our military strength."

A Central Intelligence Agency report on Russian aid was made public to show the extent of this Russian economic offensive. In the past three years the Russian bloc had spent some £500 million sterling on economic aid and £125 million on military aid. It was concentrated on the neutral and uncommitted countries. The satellites do not need aid; they are already trapped and have to give it. The one significant exception was Iceland, a member of NATO. It received a credit from East Germany for the construction of five fishing vessels some three years ago when

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there was a possibility that Iceland would refuse to renew the 1951 agreement with the United States for the NATO base there.

Recognition of the importance of aid and trade by the Executive branch of the Government has not always meant action to convince Congress of the importance. Bending with the wind of opposition may at times be good tactics, but members who support the Administration's position to the full are discouraged when the Administration itself retreats. A good example is the Administration's way of countering Congressional pressure to have Congress, and not the President, decide whether to accept a Tariff Commission finding that tariffs should be raised under the "escape clause" because an American industry is harmed. In the first place, the President accepted some recommended increases for which there seemed to be little justification. Then in his message on extending the Trade Agreements Act he asked for authority to raise duties under the escape clause 50 per cent. above the rate which existed before there had been any negotiated reductions. His old authority only permitted him to restore the Smoot-Hawley 1930 tariff rates, or increase existing rates 50 per cent. above the 1945 rates, which in most cases were considerably lower than the 1930 rates.

Opposition to foreign aid and freer trade was shown during the debate on raising the statutory debt limit. Daniel Reed, of New York, senior Republican on the House Ways and Means Committee, said: "When you stop and think of the situation where our public debt is greater than the combined debts of all the other countries we are helping with foreign aid, I think it is time we stop and do something for our own people here at home. . . . You will find that there is not a Congressional district to-day that is not suffering from unemployment because of the imports that are pouring into this country. Why are they pouring in? Because we have spent \$60 billions (roughly £20,000,000,000) in one form or another in foreign aid, and that meant the retooling of factories in the various countries of the world that compete with us. . . . We will find ourselves picking up economic vitality when we enact legislation that gives a little tariff protection against all these shipments that are pouring into this country."

The President had great difficulty in finding any Republican member of the House Ways and Means Committee who was prepared to introduce his reciprocal trades agreement bill. After several rebuffs Robert Kean, of New

Jersey, volunteered, but reportedly without much enthusiasm. The pressure for raising tariffs may not be as great this year as it was in 1930 when the Smoot-Hawley bill was passed. One possible reason is that the economic decline is not comparable. But it has a broader geographical base. The Democratic Party is no longer a freer trade party. It has one large section which wants to protect the new Southern textile industry, another section which wants to protect the oil interests of Texas, Oklahoma and the South-West, another which wants to protect the mining in the Western States and another which wants to protect the North-West timber industry.

Spokesmen for both American parties have frequently paid lip service to the theme that since the Soviet challenge was a total challenge, not confined to any single front, it must be met on every front, not just on the military or the military and educational. They have also recognized that America must negotiate from positions of strength, otherwise Russia will accept no agreement save on its own terms. So it would seem logical that in its approach to the summit America would wish to travel with strong allies linked by mutually profitable economic and commercial ties.

DENYS SMITH.

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor, National and English Review

THE IMPACT OF FREE INDIA

From Miss Damayanthi Dunuwille

SIR,

I have read your article on India in the current issue of *The National and English Review*; in particular, your references to the Prime Minister of India, Mr. Nehru. Unfortunately there are some Tory peers who do not share your opinions. Lord Birdwood, for instance, in a recent speech at Southport, I think, used the following words: "We may have our own ideas as to whether Mr. Nehru is a good Prime Minister. I don't think he would have cut a great dash at Westminster."

What can one say of such absurd and insolent language, coming from a man who is Chairman of the India, Pakistan and Ceylon Sub-Group of the Conservative Commonwealth Council?

Yours faithfully,

DAMAYANTHI DUNUWILLE.

3 Siripa Lane, Havelock Town, Colombo.
February 7, 1958.

Books: General

DEMOCRACY IN PAKISTAN*

By THE RIGHT HON. PATRICK GORDON WALKER, M.P.

PAKISTAN presents a difficult mental and emotional problem for most people in Britain. There is a widespread feeling in favour of Asian nationalism and a realization that Britain's future position depends in large measure on establishing lasting and friendly relations with this relatively new force in the world. Although the implication for the Commonwealth of the membership of Asian nations is only vaguely appreciated, it is none the less pretty generally accepted in Britain that somehow or other the new Commonwealth is working out. The fact that both the Labour and Conservative Parties have been in office since the Commonwealth in Asia came into being, and have blessed it, has at least removed the question from party political controversy.

On the other hand, for a whole generation the struggle for Asian independence was associated with the Indian Congress Party; whether Britons supported or opposed this movement, they accepted that its object was to create a sovereign and independent India. India has in fact been created. Pakistan, therefore, fails to fit into the preconceived pattern. Its very name was unfamiliar.

In consequence relatively little attention has been given in Britain to the problems or indeed the very existence of Pakistan. Many people assumed that it could not survive as a nation; some people still assume this, although usually with very little enquiry into the facts. Even those who accept and try to understand Pakistan often feel that the partition of India was a great tragedy and that, therefore, the existence of Pakistan is a regrettable necessity.

For all these reasons, the question is very rarely asked that forms the central theme of this book by Professor Callard. Is Pakistan a democracy? Can it remain a democracy?

Those who concentrate their main attention on India tend to dismiss Pakistan as a rickety theocratic State, impossibly divided into two widely separated halves. They note without surprise that no elections for the central Parliament have been held in the ten years of Pakistan's existence. Those whose instincts lead them to look with automatic favour on Muslim States tend not to expect these to be

democratic; it is their qualities of toughness, military aptitude and conservatism that are mainly admired.

All this is lamentable. Pakistan is of the utmost importance for Britain and the Commonwealth. It is the largest Muslim State in the world, with influence in areas of the world which matter greatly to Britain. If democracy broke down in Pakistan, or if it failed to survive as a State, this would be a grave blow to the integrity of the Commonwealth and might frustrate its further growth and expansion (in just the same way as would a collapse of democracy in Ghana). It would also imperil India. From an economic point of view, partition may have been a disaster, but an undivided India would almost certainly have been plagued with bitter and insatiable internal communal strife. The existence of Pakistan is the guarantee of relative communal peace in the sub-continent. Indeed, this is tacitly admitted by the many Indians who argue that Kashmir must remain in Indian hands because otherwise uncontrollable communal passions would be unleashed.

Any serious book on Pakistan that is objective and free from propaganda is therefore to be warmly welcomed. And Professor Callard's is such a book. It is based on a careful study of all the available evidence; it goes exhaustively into the background and nature of the main political problems. It is easily and modestly written. All in all, it is the best book on Pakistan that I have come across.

Its main defect is that it is a series of studies rather than a continuous and coherent analysis. This leads to some repetition and makes it rather hard to follow the sequence of political events. On the other hand, all the essential facts are there and the method of presentation chosen by the author enables him to deal brilliantly and clearly with certain important aspects of his subject. Particularly good are the chapters on "Cabinet Government" and "Islam and Politics." Both make an original and penetrating contribution to the understanding of Pakistan.

On the whole, as it seems to me, Professor Callard's conclusions are over-cautious and even pessimistic. His main conclusion is that "there is nothing to indicate that democracy

* *Pakistan. A Political Study.* By Keith Callard. Allen and Unwin. 30s.



Camera Press.

ISKANDER MIRZA, PRESIDENT OF PAKISTAN.

cannot become a reality." But, equally, there is little, in the author's view, to indicate that democracy will survive in Pakistan. Certainly one cannot yet give an assured answer to this question in regard to Pakistan or any other Asian or African country in which the seeds of Parliamentary democracy were sown from without.

But Professor Callard's own evidence seems to give ground for a more favourable and positive conclusion. He shows very well how strong were the anti-democratic tendencies inherent in the very conception of Pakistan. It was based on the two-nation theory—or the theory that Islam was the basis of a nation. Pakistan thus had an original religious base. Islam tends to the idea of an authoritarian and aristocratic form of government. Moreover, Mr. Jinnah was an absolute leader with lieutenants and no equals. Assassination and the unprecedented difficulties of building a new nation from scratch out of two parts separated by a thousand miles and different in every respect save religion produced a number of acute constitutional crises.

But not only have these crises been overcome; they have been resolved in favour of Parliamentary democracy. The high-water-mark of the anti-democratic tendencies was in

1954, when all Parliamentary institutions were suspended and the Governor-General asserted his personal rule. At this critical moment the courts came to the rescue and gave constitutional rulings that were based on the assumption of Cabinet Government. Since then a Constitution has been adopted that takes Cabinet Government for granted and rejects theocratic ideas.

One of Professor Callard's most important points is that the men who built Pakistan did so against the men of religion. The very idea of a *nation* of Muslims was hostile to the idea that *all* Muslims belong to one nation of the faithful. Islam is certainly an indispensable cement of the nation of Pakistan; but so is Catholicism or Protestantism the cement of certain Western nations. If Britain were engaged in writing a Constitution *de novo*, many of the problems and arguments would arise that did arise in Pakistan, and they might not be so differently settled. After all the Queen must be an Anglican, as the President of Pakistan must be a Muslim.

All turns on the holding of elections in Pakistan. They have been dangerously delayed. Elections have been held for the provincial parliaments, but not yet for the centre. My impression during a recent visit to Pakistan was that there was a powerful and impatient popular demand for elections that the politicians can no longer ignore, even though some of them fear their outcome.

This is a book to be welcomed and it deserves to be widely read. It is no criticism of an academic study to say that it is over-cautious. But my own view is that its own argument justifies a considerably more positive and optimistic conclusion than the author allows himself to draw.

PATRICK GORDON WALKER.

VOTING IN FRANCE

FRENCH ELECTORAL SYSTEMS AND ELECTIONS 1789-1957. By Peter Campbell. *Faber*. 21s.

THE question of constitutional reform is never very far from the surface of French politics and it is at the moment assuming particular prominence. The glaring need for more stable government readily explains the recurrent—but usually unprofitable—search for institutional devices which might harmonize the irreconcilable forces in French public life. The remedies that have been explored are numerous and contradictory—a stronger second chamber, a weaker second

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chamber, easier dissolution, a Presidential system, more powers for the Prime Minister, fewer powers for the National Assembly are but a few of the panaceas that have been proposed. Many people have seen electoral reform as a particularly promising source of improvement. If the internal cohesion of parties could be increased and their number reduced, it is argued, many Cabinet crises could be avoided.

For such optimists Mr. Campbell's admirable new book will provide very little comfort. His lucid and succinct descriptions of the many electoral systems that have been tried, and of the results they have produced, make it plain that no modification of voting arrangements could, by itself, have done much to produce more viable legislatures. Except in the Dreyfus period and at the time of the popular front, nothing like a coherent majority existed in the country as a whole and it would have therefore taken a wildly "rigged" electoral system to produce one in the Chamber of Deputies. In fact, the single-member constituency system with two ballots which prevailed throughout the Third Republic usually produced results which, apart from a certain loading against extremists, were surprisingly near to being as proportional as those yielded by the pure proportional representation system that was tried in 1946.

To say this is not to argue that the form of electoral system which France adopts is of no importance. If the centre parties had not "rigged" the electoral law in 1951 the anti-parliamentary forces of Gaullists and Communists would have together secured a majority in the Assembly and produced a potentially revolutionary situation. It is true that the Centre's arrangements for averting this disaster was so blatant that they may have contributed substantially to French cynicism about their political leaders and about democracy in general.

It now seems possible that there will be a return to the old system of single-member constituencies and two ballots; this would probably make the Assembly rather more flexible by reducing the number of Communists—but it would at the same time weaken such party discipline as exists and also gravely hurt the M.R.P., one of the healthier new elements in the post-war French political scene. It is to be hoped that whatever change is made will be relatively permanent; constant changes in the rules of the game are even more undesirable in politics than in other sports.

DAVID BUTLER.

FORGOTTEN HISTORIAN

A VICTORIAN EMINENCE: THE LIFE AND WORKS OF HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE. By Giles St. Aubyn. *Barrie*. 25s.

THE field of historiography is littered with the remains of once-fashionable reputations. Henry Thomas Buckle, whom Mr. Giles St. Aubyn has now rescued from near obscurity, soared to immediate and widespread fame on the publication of his *History of Civilization* in 1857. Charles Darwin described it as "wonderfully clever and original, and written with astonishing knowledge." So widely was it discussed in Russia that Buckle's name and ideas are mentioned in Chekov's *The Cherry Orchard*. Yet in our own day, André Gide is almost the only writer of international repute to have paid generous tribute to this forgotten historian. "I have rarely read anything more enthralling," he wrote in his journal of 1941.

This neglect is undeserved. Buckle's literary style is lucid and elegant. His tremendous erudition broadened the horizons of Victorian knowledge. He broke new ground by extending the task of the historian from a purely political narration to a sweeping survey of social life, philosophical thought and intellectual progress.

Like Macaulay, who only lately has begun to reassume his rightful eminence among British historians, Buckle has paid too great a penalty for the faults of his history. "In it," writes Mr. St. Aubyn, "are to be found mistaken principles, erroneous facts and false predictions. Its optimism, its faith in reason, its suspicion of the most charitable activities of government and its contempt of clericalism, have long since been discredited." He believed in man's rationality and unlimited vision of progress, a doctrine unlikely to commend itself to the haunted world of the mid-20th century.

Yet the flexibility of mind and wealth of illustration in Buckle's writings are themselves endearing. He was a Victorian Toynbee and deserves to be no less widely read, however much his rigid "laws" of history may be challenged or disproved.

Even for those readers whose interest in theories of history is tepid, Mr. St. Aubyn has provided a skilfully etched portrait of the man himself. By the age of thirty Buckle could read eighteen foreign languages. He had a library of 22,000 books and read three of them a day. His energy was restored by vast quantities of food and champagne, and

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he could not work without an ample supply of cigars.

A radical and freethinker, he raised one of those glorious storms in which our great-grandfathers delighted by publicly abusing Mr. Justice Coleridge for a harsh sentence passed on a half-witted blasphemer. There were angry letters to the quarterlies, interminable explanations, and threats of blackballs at the Athenaeum.

Fierce with righteous indignation, Buckle swept off to the East on a tour of Egypt. Then, pausing in Cairo to await the arrival of Josephus' *Antiquities of the Jews*, he rode through the Sinai Desert in a swallow-tailed black coat and carrying a white umbrella. It was, alas, his last journey. At the age of forty-one he died of typhoid in Damascus.

For his epitaph I would take his reply when asked if he answered all the letters which readers of his *History* sent him. "No, not all," replied Buckle, "but I always answer the misspelled ones."

KENNETH ROSE.

"SUCH A PRUDE"

- THE HISTORY OF FANNY BURNEY. By Joyce Hemlow. *Clarendon Press: O.U.P.* 35s.
FACE TO FACE. By Ved Mehta. *Collins.* 16s.
THE MARCHES OF EL DORADO. By Michael Swan. *Cape.* 25s.
NANSEN. A FAMILY PORTRAIT. By Liv Nansen Høyer. *Longmans.* 30s.
GEORGIAN AFTERNOON. By L. E. Jones. *Hart-Davis.* 21s.
BID TIME RETURN. By Humphrey Pakington. *Chatto and Windus.* 21s.
MERTHYR, RHONDDA AND "THE VALLEYS." Regional Books. By A. Trystan Edwards. *Hale.* 18s.
THE LIVELIEST ART. By Arthur Knight. *Macmillan Co. of N.Y.* 35s.
PRINCIPLES AND PERSUASIONS. By Anthony West. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 21s.
THIS WAY DELIGHT. A Book of Poetry for the Young. Selected by Herbert Read. *Faber.* 15s.

THE Burneys were an exceptionally frank and friendly family who indulged in free criticism of each other with the greatest good humour. It is not surprising to find the kindly Dr. Burney saying of his much-loved daughter Frances, "Poor Fan is *such a prude*."

She was, in fact, exceptionally modest. As she grew older she became increasingly unwilling to indulge in personalities when she wrote, with the result, as her first biographer,

Mr. Christopher Lloyd, noted, in his excellent *Fanny Burney*, that her style went from bad to worse, until she took refuge behind an impenetrable smoke screen of Johnsonian moralizing in stilted diction. Worse still, when Fanny became Madame D'Arblay, she blue-pencilled her manuscripts, tore up hundreds of letters, cut up her sister Susan's letters unsparingly, and entirely destroyed her father's twelve folios of autobiography.

It is a pity that Miss Joyce Hemlow, who has just written *The History of Fanny Burney*, "based largely on unprinted parts of Madame D'Arblay's journal-letters, notebooks, unpublished works, and voluminous correspondence and on other unpublished sections of other Burney papers," has not more feeling for the period and a livelier literary talent for depicting it. Her biography is more of an academic exercise than a warmly human "Life," but it cannot be denied that she has worked on an enormous mass of material with the greatest care and affection.

Fanny inherited quantities of family papers from her husband and her sisters. Like a squirrel she hoarded journals and correspondence herself. Her niece, Charlotte Barrett, who inherited all these things, kept them intact and added to them. They were handed down by her descendants until 1924, when a huge portion of them was sold to a New York collector, and it is now in the Public Library there. Other Burneyana has come to rest at Yale. Mr. Lloyd had not the advantage of all this material when he wrote his biography. I am not sure whether Miss Emily Hahn had when she published her book on Miss Burney in 1951. It had the odd title of *Degree of Prudery*. Miss Hemlow looks forward to the day when "the jagged pieces on both sides of the Atlantic are fitted together, and the lively and heroic saga of the Burneys is made available to all in printed form." If this can be done with the deft scholarship that Miss Katherine Balderston brought to her "Thraliana," it will be a happy day for anyone who enjoys reading 18th-century memoirs.

It may seem ungracious to criticize Miss Hemlow for dressing up her biography as a work of scholarship, but there is so much charm and humour and gaiety associated with the Burneys that it is a strange experience to read about them on pages peppered with references and notes at the foot of almost every one. The text, too, is cluttered up with numerals which act as signposts to the notes. A Germanic element has crept into trans-

"SUCH A PRUDE"

atlantic scholarship, and it can be irritating. It is not altogether easy, either, for the general reader to discover how much of the material printed in the book appears for the first time, but I do not remember two letters that Fanny wrote to her father from the Thrales' house at Brighton in 1782. They refer to the bitterness of Johnson's tongue. It seems that people grew so frightened of him and of what he would say that his name was omitted on the cards of invitation sent to the rest of the household.

Fanny feared that as a result Dr. Johnson did not spend his time very agreeably,

for he is dreaded too much to get any conversation, except by accident; & he has had no invitation since my arrival, but to one Dinner, at single speech Hamilton's. He has therefore passed most of his Evenings alone, & much to his dissatisfaction. He has, however, so miserably mauled the few who have ventured to encounter him, that there is little wonder they wove the ceremony of any meetings they can avoid.

In the following year, however, she thought he was much softened, and he was heard to say that he had come to the time when he wished all bitterness and animosity to end.

The Burneys thoroughly enjoyed anything ridiculous, and Fanny once assured her great friend, Mr. Crisp, that Miss Birch and other characters in her journal were not imaginary, as he supposed, but transcripts of real life. "I never mix truth and fiction," she told him. It was unfortunate that neither Dr. Burney nor Mr. Crisp would leave Fanny alone after the triumphant success of *Evelina*, which she had written secretly. Sheridan and various others told her that with her powers of writing dialogue she ought to try her hand at a play. Having shown their disapproval of her attempts, her father and Crisp harried her until she had finished her second novel. Miss Hemlow is at her best when she is discussing Fanny's work. The chapter on *Cecilia* is particularly good.

In the future it is likely that *The History of Fanny Burney* will be regarded as a source book and as a sound critique of Miss Burney's writings. Anyone interested in the period will find plenty of interesting reading and new material about the Johnson-Thrale-Burney circles here. There is also a fuller account of Fanny's life after her marriage than has been given before. She was eighty-seven when she died in 1840.

At the age of three, Ved Mehta, a young

Hindu, was blinded by meningitis. In India blindness is considered far more of a handicap than it is in the West. Realizing this, Mr. Mehta, at the age of fifteen, managed to go to the United States so that he might be educated first at the Arkansas school for the blind and later at the Pomona College, California, where competing on equal terms with people who could see he did remarkably well. At present he is reading history at Balliol.

Mehta's father was in the Indian Civil Service. The book describes his attitude towards the British, who, though they had ruled India for two hundred years, had not, in his opinion, been able to reach its soul or feel its heartbeat. This was largely due, he felt, to the fact that even the simplest and poorest Indian peasant was a proud and reserved person, rooted in his traditional way of life. Before the author left for America, he went through some of the agonies of the Lahore massacres and later spent a happy eight months at the St. Dunstan's Hostel for the Blind at Dehra Dun. What he learned there so quickly enabled him to apply for admission to the Arkansas school.

Mr. Mehta writes well and I cannot remember any book in which the experiences of a very active blind man have been recorded so vividly. High diving, finding his way about a city and taking some hard knocks in the process, running obstacle courses in the gymnasium, cheerfully leaving his family and crossing the world in order to prepare for his own career, Mr. Mehta emerges as a man of courage, modesty and humour. His autobiography, *Face to Face*, will take its place at once among the enduring literature of the blind.

In Guiana, Sir Walter Raleigh and the Spanish conquistadores hoped to find Manoa, the city of the Gilded King, which gives its title to Mr. Michael Swan's new travel book, *The Marches of El Dorado*. Journeying by small boat, canoe, and on foot, using an amphibious aeroplane when it helped his progress, Mr. Swan got to know the Carib Indians and lived and travelled with them for months at a time. With six of them he climbed Mount Roraima. It was a dangerous expedition that passed without trouble. A few days later, holidaying on Tobago, Mr. Swan was bathing on a coral reef when his feet caught in the crenellations of the coral and he fell over with his weight on a coral antler which pierced a lung and kept him in hospital for some weeks. As he lay there he was able to reflect on the purpose of travel which, as he

sees it, adds on every expedition to one's knowledge of the meaning of life on earth.

Mr. Swan sketches neatly the people he met on the way, both European and South American and the illustrations from photographs taken by Mr. David Attenborough and himself are good and informative. The standard of the best books of travel to-day is very high, and *The Marches of El Dorado* will take a prominent place among them.

In *Nansen*, which the explorer's daughter, Mrs. Liv Nansen Høyer, describes as a "Family Portrait," she has made no attempt to give an exhaustive appraisal of his varied activities. He was an extraordinary man, whose powers of strength and will were so great that sometimes they seemed to be superhuman. His explorations, his work at the time of the dissolution between Norway and Sweden, his work as Norwegian Minister in London, interfered with the time he had to spare for his home and family. Just when he was about to return to his wife in Norway, she died, and for some years Nansen shut himself away from the world and became a lonely man until in 1914, when he realized that war was inevitable and that his country must look to her defences, he reappeared in public life.

He went to Washington to obtain supplies for Norway. Afterwards he was his country's representative at Geneva, and as High Commissioner for the League of Nations and the International Red Cross. These great tasks led to relief work which saved millions of human lives.

Mrs. Høyer writes with tact and understanding about her father's married life. His wife was a famous Norwegian singer, Eva Sars. Her husband's work took him away from her for long periods at a time and their correspondence makes pathetic reading now. If only Eva had accompanied Nansen to the Norwegian Embassy in London it seems possible that she might not have died so young.

When Nansen was elected Rector of St. Andrew's University, he had to follow Barrie and Kipling. Nansen took "Adventure" as the theme of his Rectorial address and ended it with words that are as true to-day as when he spoke them:

The first great thing is to find yourself, and for that you need solitude and contemplation, at least sometimes. I tell you deliverance will not come from the rushing, noisy centres of civilization. It will come from the lonely places.

Georgian Afternoon, the third instalment of Sir Lawrence Jones's autobiography, has more resemblance to his first than to his

second volume. Never, as far as I know, has anyone before Sir Lawrence written so charmingly about business life in the City. This is only one facet of his experiences. As a yeomanry officer in the First War he came into contact with some superb specimens of cavalymen, regulars who regarded war as a tiresome interruption to their chosen profession. There was, for example, the Commandant of the Machine-Gun School, an old-fashioned cavalry officer who disliked and despised machine-guns. He never said so, of course, but his short speech of welcome to the officers in every course ignored the weapon and contained the allocation, "On Wednesday a first-class tailor and bootmaker from London will visit this camp, and you will all be measured for new boots and breeches."

There are also chapters on the author's ordeal as a wounded prisoner of war, on his happy return to Norfolk, and on his adventures as a writer which brought him the friendship of "Max." Sir Lawrence has a talent for enjoying all kinds of things, including some very definite dislikes. He is a natural writer and now that he has completed his autobiography there seems to be no doubt that he will find something else to write about because, as he says himself, writing has become a habit, almost an addiction, and is the perfect hobby for a man over seventy.

Mr. Humphrey Pakington, who has written some agreeable novels about a county which seems to be about midway between Trollope's Barsetshire and Mrs. Thirkell's very different county with the same name, has just completed lively reminiscences which have something in common with Sir Lawrence's books. *Bid Time Return* has also a keen sense of comedy, and a love of the country, especially of Worcestershire and the Severn Valley.

Educated at Dartmouth and Flag Lieutenant to Admiral Stoddart at the Battle of the Falkland Islands, Mr. Pakington became an architect and has been for two years President of the Architectural Association, in addition to serving as Staff Officer, Western Approaches, during the last war. His amusing and civilized recollections include the discovery of a new sweet, *Fraises Pakington*, by upsetting black coffee over a plate of wild strawberries, an encounter with elephants in Huntingdon, and refusing refreshment at the Portuguese Pavilion of the French Exhibition of 1937 when the temperature was 99° in the shade. It consisted of sardines and port wine.

The tribute to Sir Max Horton's work when he commanded the Western Approaches shows that this famous admiral had a good deal in common with Sir Winston Churchill.

Bomber pilot rolls steel plate —and finds it not so different!

Jim McCubbin has a rewarding job—in every sense.

By David Murray, writer and T.V. commentator

TEN YEARS AGO Jim McCubbin never imagined that he would ever be one of three Rollers in the big plate mill at Dalzell Steel Works, Motherwell, the most powerful of its kind in all Britain.

His youthful ambition was to be a veterinary surgeon. But the war set him on another course. In 1939, he joined the Royal Air Force as an Aircraftman (2nd Class). He was soon a Sergeant Pilot, next a Flight Sergeant, and at length a Flight Lieutenant. As a bomber pilot he did two full tours of duty, one with Coastal and the other with Bomber Command. Coming out of the R.A.F. two years after the war, he flew for B.E.A. between Belfast, Glasgow and London for another couple of years. That brought him to 1949, when he thought it was time to start a career with his two feet well on the ground.

HE GOT ON BETTER WITH HIS COAT OFF

The problem for ex-Flight Lieutenant James McCubbin, D.F.C., was what that career ought to be. Like many another young fellow out of the war, he did not fancy going back to his books. Having a good look at the steel trade in his native town it struck him that he need not go any further, and he jumped at the chance of a clerk's job in the Dalzell Steel Works. There he saw that he might make better progress with his jacket off than with it on.

To get among the pounding machinery, he became a stocktaker at the big plate mill. His big chance came when a third shift was manned at the rolls. Getting into real working togs, he took on the job of Breaking Down – rolling the great white-hot slabs to the proper width and passing them on to the Roller. In 1953, by which time he had learned a very great deal the hard way, he himself became a Roller,

charged with finishing the plates to gauge.

The three Plate Mill Rollers, who work in shift turns, are the key production men at Dalzell; it was rapid promotion for a man who had never set foot in a steel plant until he was close on thirty. But Jim McCubbin had rightly figured that there would be as good chances on the production side, as in the more bookish branches. He has, of course, attended classes and read more than the odd book on steel making. But his main classroom has been the plate mill.

As he says . . . "It's just like flying. You're up against mass power and the forces of nature. Even to stay still, you've got to keep going . . ."

WELL PAID—AND SATISFYING

Off the job, which in view of its responsibility is well paid, even by professional standards, he likes good books and good music. In the summer he golfs. But his chief spare-time hobby is three-year-old, sloe-eyed, dark-haired Patricia Ellis McCubbin. Her middle name comes from grandfather Ben Ellis who played football years ago for Motherwell F.C.

To see Jim McCubbin and his two buddies on the other shifts, Bob Jaffrey and John Lang, putting through the plates, you might think that plate rolling is easy. But hot, plastic steel is what the Scots call "kittle stuff." The job in fact calls for as much stamina, nerve and operative skill as flying a big bomber.

That's why it's well paid. And that's one reason, though not the only one, why ex-Flight Lieutenant James McCubbin, D.F.C., went all out to be a Roller when he saw the chance.

As he says . . . "It feels as good to put in a good shift with no troubles, as to make the target and get back home."

This report was commissioned by the British Iron and Steel Federation, which believes that everyone in Britain should know the facts about Steel, and about the men and organisations that make it.

THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

Horton had a stricter routine, but it was a maddening routine for his subordinates. At the height of the Battle of the Atlantic he would play golf at Hoylake almost every afternoon. In the summer this would last until dinner-time, and afterwards he would play a rubber or two of bridge. Then he would come down to his office, overlooking the Operations Room. To him war was the greatest game of all. When the long struggle in the Atlantic was turning in our favour, preparations for D-Day were begun. The duty of Horton's Command was to detail, fit out, and train 162 escorts, to reorganize his remaining forces, and to provide the Support Groups for the general operations. "Max threw on his work. He pestered the Admiralty, bullied his Staff, nosed into everybody's job. His driving force never flagged, and his lively, inventive mind was always at work, receptive to new ideas, constantly compassing the downfall of the enemy."

Bid Time Return has a varied gallery of naval portraits, but Horton's is the best of them all. This most entertaining book would be worth reading only for it. Fortunately there are plenty of other good things, among them the cook, Jane, who at a performance of the St. Matthew Passion conceived such an affection for the conductor, Dr. Vaughan Williams, that at the end she expressed the hope that he would now go home and have a jolly good supper, bless his heart.

Always in the background and never far from the author's heart loom the hills of Worcestershire and Shropshire he has loved from his boyhood. Nearest are the tree-clad Abberleys, away to the north-west the bare shoulders of the Clees, and in the south the pointed peaks of Malvern, "that exotic range of barren Spanish mountains dropped down unawares among the cosy fields and hedgerows of the West Midlands." Whatever he is writing about Mr. Pakington's approach is friendly and unpretentious. Numerous readers will be glad that he has kept a diary for forty years and that it has enabled him to write *Bid Time Return*.

In writing the latest of the "Regional" books, Mr. A. Trystan Edwards has borne in mind that his subject, *Merthyr, Rhondda and "The Valleys,"* is not just a geographical expression, a piece of land arbitrarily chosen, but that it has a measure of organic unity. Nowhere else, he feels, during the last 150 years has there been such a spate of Celtic vigour. It has expressed itself most prominently in industrial development.

This well-illustrated book is concerned more with commerce and industry than are most of the volumes in this pleasant series, but there are notes of some interesting local personalities, including Keir Hardie and Lady Charlotte Guest.

An American writer, Mr. Arthur Knight, is the author of *The Liveliest Art*, and he calls it a panoramic history of the movies. It is a well-balanced and useful survey, and it began, apparently, as a three-hour lecture given on a sweltering July afternoon at the University of Minnesota. Mr. Rouben Mamoulian sat through this Marathon performance and was so struck by it that he urged the author to turn it into a book.

He was right to do so. Mr. Knight has a sense of proportion and he looks back over the years of the development of the cinema from the time when moving pictures were called "flicks." This slang term exactly describes the blurred staccato images which jerked their erratic way across the screen. He notices that in spite of great technical developments the subject-matter has not advanced proportionately.

Naturally the emphasis is on American aspects of the cinema. This is not surprising as it is the only art form in which the Americans have played the leading role. Animated films have been omitted because the author believes that they deserve a book to themselves. There is no mention of the special work done in this country by Miss Mary Field for children's films. Illustrations have been cut down to a minimum. On the credit side Mr. Knight has very properly made film directors the heroes of his book, and his emphasis is placed on the few truly creative directors, who in every country and in every decade have had the courage and inspiration to break with tradition and experiment in new forms and methods of making the cinema more vivid and lively. There are thought-provoking chapters on television and on future developments in the cinema.

That spirited journal, *The New Yorker*, takes on almost week by week an increasingly important part in contemporary literature. The number of books published in this country, with acknowledgments to the editor for reprinted material grows year by year, and it is not surprising to find that all Mr. Anthony West's literary essays, *Principles and Persuasions*, first appeared there.

Dr. Johnson said that there had been "too many honeysuckle lives of Milton." Mr. West believes in "occasional blasts at targets of

"Such a Prude"

opportunity." His hitting is hard and usually very fair. He is at his best in his essay about his father, H. G. Wells:

Few people have brought so much buoyant vitality to the business of living, or have exercised so stimulating an effect on their friends. He spread a spirit of pleasure about him, and he made every kind of mental activity seem to be the best of sport. Although he made a number of enemies through impatience and lack of tact, he made many more friends whose friendship endured through episodes which would not have been forgotten in a lesser man, and who when all was said and done rejoiced in having known him. Beyond that close circle of people who knew him there was the larger army whose hearts were warmed by the abundant spirit and courage which emanate from his writing and which make it easy to miss the intensity of his internal struggle with his demon.

Mr. West is not altogether happy with the Victorians, and his essay on George Eliot has already earned him a rap over the knuckles from Professor Gordon Haight, who knows a great deal about her. On the evidence provided I believe that Mr. West was right on this occasion, but his statement that her novels were "earnestly and gracefully written" does less than justice to *Middlemarch*. He is much more at ease when he discusses Miss Compton Burnett, whose reputation he feels is "growing at a reckless pace," or George Orwell, whose "remorseless pessimism" he attributes to a hidden wound.

Principles and Persuasions are stimulating stuff. Mr. West makes the literary fur fly and obviously enjoys doing so. I believe that most of his readers will share his enjoyment.

Sir Herbert Read thinks that children should develop a natural love of poetry in the manner indicated by William Blake when he distinguished between poems of innocence and poems of experience. Blake's own poems of innocence are not clouded by passion or thought and are therefore perfect for children.

This Way Delight, illustrated by Charles Stewart, and described as a book of poetry for the young, is an ideal introduction to it. Sir Herbert knows that poetry should be a deep delight, "to be enjoyed as you would enjoy a day in Spring, when the sun is rising, the birds are singing, and the first flowers of the year are discovered along the edge of the woods." I recommend *This Way Delight* very strongly to anyone who loves poetry and wants to pass on this enthusiasm to a child. Any young thing who has the root of the matter in him will enjoy and profit by this delightful anthology.

ERIC GILLET.

from NELSON'S Spring list

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 A WILDERNESS OF MONKEYS. Marshall Pugh. *Hutchinson*. 12s. 6d.
 TROUBLE IN WEST TWO. Kevin FitzGerald. *Heinemann*. 13s. 6d.

AS its title indicates, the latest work by that distinguished contemporary American novelist, William Faulkner, is once again the story of a community, told, as is almost inevitable, in terms of individuals and their

doings, plain or tortuous. The central theme is the steady enlargement of their control of *The Town* by the horrid Snopes clan led by the rapacious Flem, and the unavailing efforts of various others, including the Southerners who narrate successive chapters, to hold their own against the unscrupulous invaders. The start of this long, fascinating book is difficult, but the reader soon finds himself, however strange the setting, absorbed in the characters (narrators included) and the march of events, and enjoying the leaven of humour and spice of violence; and captured by the author's rich, flexible style which, for all its heavy demands on the attention, admirably conveys the tempo of the South. It is perhaps that tempo which tends to suggest that the period is back in the 19th century when in fact it is much more recent. I found it strange that in a book set in Mississippi the part played by coloured people is so small; here of course is one of the author's prejudices, but at the same time he indubitably knows on whom the development of such a city as his small Jefferson would depend.

On the other hand, every page of *The Mistress* is coloured, because all the characters, white included, talk in what I suppose is the coloured-Jamaican idiom. In this book too the date is difficult to "feel"; it came as a shock to realize that this is the Jamaica of only about half a century ago. Ada Quayle is certainly well qualified to paint the scene of her choice, which is feudal, passionate and savage but concerned with only one narrow corner of the island's life. The central character, Laura, is no more than sixteen when her sadistic mother dies and she starts to run the family estate; and seemingly she would have pulled it off despite shifty relatives and rascally servants if it had not been for her devotion to her good-for-nothing neighbour Neil. It is in truth because of this (all part of a general decadence?) that she sets foot on the road to inevitable ruin, when all and sundry, especially her own foreman and dead Neil's coloured mistress, plunder her of her possessions. This is an unusual and effective first novel; I have a doubt whether it is sound in the minor matter of birth certificates.

We are brought right up to date by *The Graver Tribe*, in which some part is played by the effect of the National Health Service upon surgeons' prospects. Edward Candy confidently offers us life inside a hospital, or a corner of it, and the problems involved in the choice of a professor. We are left in no doubt by Harry Branksome and by his creator

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NOVELS

that he stands out head and shoulders; but he makes no attempt whatever to hide, or even not to express, his harshest thought, so the first sentence in the book, that he is not quite human, comes close to the truth. He is, however, with his rigid integrity, the hero; the author means him so to emerge at the book's end, and so there is a constant weighting of the scales of conduct to his advantage. In the course of its progress (surgically exciting, unrelieved by humour) this efficient novel poses a number of questions, notably whether it is right to cut open a man who, if conscious, would certainly not have given his assent; a question not eased when the patient dies and the Press gets hold of the story.

It is partly its verbosity that makes *Letter to Elizabeth* seem longer than it is, but also it sets out, so we are told, or warned, to "investigate with precision and loving care the *terra incognita* which lies behind the frequented areas of family relationships." Let me tell you in a general way what it is about and leave you to judge what that pronouncement means. James Waterson is a famous anthropologist. His wife Mary is barren, and now rather

arid too. Sixteen years ago Elizabeth Jordan of deliberate intent bore James a child—Foresta. Mary has known about it since Elizabeth's marriage ten years ago. Now Foresta goes to spend a summer holiday with the father whom she has never met and his wife. When she comes in contact with polio her mother briefly joins the "family" party. There are other characters, to supply a subsidiary love-theme; everything recalls the worst vapidities of American social investigation; and everything is I am sure significant. But the epithet which I cannot avoid is "portentous."

How simple by contrast is *Loon's Cry*. The wife of a colonial official has grass-widowed herself (the death of their only child is at the root of their separation) in a village in Quebec, and embarks upon an affair with a Montreal psychiatrist; meanwhile her lake-side neighbour, a queer, grimy, old farmer, derives benefit from housing a stranger-woman with three children who turns up out of the blue. Then both Evelyn's plans and old Tom's are upset by unforeseen events, bringing at least a hopeful ending for Evelyn and—no, I

'This history will endure; not only because Sir Winston has written it, but also because of its own inherent virtues—its narrative power, its fine judgement of war and politics, of soldiers and statesmen, and even more because it reflects a tradition of what Englishmen in the heyday of their empire thought and felt about their country's past.'

—J. H. PLUMB (Tutor of Christ's College, Cambridge), *Daily Telegraph*.

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CASSELL

am not quite clear what for Tom. In truth however I was less interested in the characters than in Mercedes Mackay's faithful and sympathetic picture of the countryside in which out of both their loneliness the unlikely friendship develops between the English-woman and her neighbour.

There is a different simplicity about *Merrily to the Grave*, derived from Kathleen Sully's penetrating ability to reveal the lovability which plainly she herself feels in the most unappealing, indeed unlovable, characters. She can also give a convincing sense of reality to a setting far outside a reader's experience. On this occasion her concern is with a Brighton boarding-house kept by a warm-hearted, eccentric lady and filled with a sad assortment of misfits—Teddy boy murderer, one quarrelling couple and one pathetically devoted, a harlot, a shop-assistant who aspires to prima-donnadom, and so on. With this material she constructs a fascinating mosaic of human relationships—which is to say of problems. Without particular distinction of writing, this is none the less a notable book. Its weakness is that its exciting, melodramatic climax ensures that none of the problems is answered.

From the raffishness of Brighton to the *rive gauche* of Paris, and a mob of "students" (mainly American), and the uninhibited narrative of an American girl who has been given by a rich uncle the means to take two years to "meet the world": which she seems to interpret mainly as freedom to leap in and out of love and (rather oftener) beds. *The Dud Avocado* has plenty of humour and characters (though it is not always easy to keep the persons all distinct in one's mind) and its exuberance only on occasion runs to obvious satire. Its construction is less convincing. For most of its considerable (and welcome) length, it rocks and rolls along, offering the mixture as before; then suddenly—is it because its course must somehow be brought to a close?—it gives a melodramatic flourish and even more abruptly provides its heroine Sally Jay with true love after all.

Cross the Channel to a *Wilderness of Monkeys* in London, and the fantastic follies into which his proneness to accident and his position on the staff of the dreadful "Sunday Zest" plunge young John Stuart, whose two ambitions are to get on and marry April Conway. Idle to suggest that here is a faithful picture of Fleet Street, or that the oddities of the friends with whom Stuart consorts are much freer from satirical exag-

geration. Here however is some capital fooling with enough of serious substratum to put an edge on the humour. Marshall Pugh, experienced journalist, is to be congratulated on his first novel and asked for more.

I have not read Kevin FitzGerald's earlier works. From *Trouble in West Two* (i.e. Bayswater) I judge that he does not derive from R. L. S. and John Buchan as some have said; Sapper and Cheyney serve his need. Murders; rough houses and clubs; pretty girls and dangerous; spies; and intrepid, powerful, indestructible heroes—the whole circus is here, moving at a rattling pace, seldom if ever pausing to try to explain what it is all about, with the reader panting along, full of wonder that spies are so aimless.

MILWARD KENNEDY.

Theatre

By KAYE WEBB

A Touch of the Sun. By N. C. Hunter (Saville).

The Potting Shed. By Graham Greene (Globe).

Cat on a Hot Tin Roof. By Tennessee Williams (Comedy).

The Iceman Cometh. By Eugene O'Neill (Arts).

A SPLENDID bag this month: four plays concerned with souls in varying degrees of torment, ranging through disillusion (Michael Redgrave), lonely misery (John Gielgud), anguish (Paul Massie) and finally, absolute despair (the entire cast of Mr. O'Neill's play). You can choose according to stamina and whether you go to the theatre for entertainment or mental stimulation.

The least of these plays, *A Touch of the Sun* is, almost inevitably, the most successful. Mr. N. C. Hunter has used all his craft; his play is well-constructed, well-balanced and since, as always, his characters are the kind that actors and actresses simply cannot resist, his cast is glittering. He also has a good idea; a poor idealistic schoolmaster fighting to keep his family from being seduced by riches, and the alternating scenes of impoverished sitting-room and a villa on the Riviera are excellent theatre. But all this finally adds up to nothing more than a safe family play and a matinee "must." Perhaps one reason for this is that Mr. Hunter has loaded the dice so heavily against his idealist. All the rich people in the play are presented as generous, gay, enlightened and amusing. The schoolmaster's

family are simply moths fluttering around their candles and the schoolmaster himself is presented as ungracious, petulant and selfish. Or perhaps Mr. Michael Redgrave is *really* responsible for thus weighting the scales. It seemed to me possible that he could quite easily have come out a little more strongly on the side of manliness and charm.

Anyway, by the end of the evening all that most of us wanted was for Diana Wynyard to get another chance to abandon her pinafore for her white evening dress, even if it meant her being made love to by Another Man. Ronald Squire also performs triumphantly as the most damnable in-law ever to be permanently inflicted on a married couple, and Vanessa Redgrave did sparkingly as her father's daughter.

By way of contrast, *The Potting Shed* sometimes seemed to be hardly a play at all! It is more of a sketched outline for a play which manages to hold our interest quite closely for two acts, although we sense its flimsy structure, and then collapses like a pack of cards.

A great thinker and rationalist is dying and his family have gathered to say good-bye before he enters the vast emptiness which he insists is the end of life. One of his sons arrives uninvited and his mother refuses to let him see his father, because she will not have his last moments spoilt. The rest of the play concerns the son's frantic attempts to discover what he had done that was so terrible that he has been denied love all his life.

I saw the play in its first, New York, production, and it seems a thousand pities that the management was not able to retain the two original stars. For, between them, Robert Flemyng and Sybil Thorndike made a vital pulsating thing of the son's lonely misery and his mother's frantic rejection of him; between them, in fact, they made a play. One was so concerned for them that the implausibility and weaknesses were forgotten. But this London production appears to have been conceived behind a thick mesh of the cobwebs which properly belong in that wretched potting shed. Sir John plays like a sleep-walker, and Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies, by the very nature of her noble calm, makes the mother an impossible character. The atmosphere seems to have affected even that good actor, Walter Hudd, so that he plays the whole production with his head in his boots and talks at such a rate of knots that we never find out just what kind of man he is supposed to be. Only Miss Irene Worth's gentle warmth manages to penetrate our hearts, and she is

so little occupied that it is a waste of talent. It would, of course, be unfair to reveal the secret, since that will be the only reason for seeing the play. But we feel that Mr. Graham Greene's ultimate statement of belief might have been made with more conviction and joy.

Such divergent opinions have been passed on *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, in so many different parts of the globe, that it seems fair to conclude that its message is valid for some and not for others. If my readers belong to those who feel that in the interests of human understanding, souls (not to mention bodies) should be stripped bare, no matter how raw and embarrassing the facts discovered are, then this is their play. If they feel, as I do, that it is possible to present the same human problems without necessarily serving them up on beds under hot tin roofs, they will stay away.

Tennessee Williams is an exciting and important playwright, many of whose plays (notably *The Glass Menagerie*, *Summer and Smoke* and *A Streetcar Named Desire*) are compassionate studies of human frailty which have stirred and moved countless people, in-

THE CATHEDRAL

Clive Sansom

In this new verse sequence Clive Sansom evokes the spirit of an English cathedral and the characters associated with its history. The author has been closely associated with the revival of interest in spoken poetry, and his previous work *The Witnesses* was a Festival of Britain prize poem. 10s 6d

METHUEN

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cluding myself. This one compels attention, and one goes home exhausted with so much unhappiness and emotional fireworks, but inclined to wonder why.

Towering above these three preceding plays and infinitely more exciting in its demands, *The Iceman Cometh* belongs in the top class of dramatic achievement. It is too long (even the most devoted of O'Neill's admirers admit that his insistence on preserving every line is limiting and unimaginative) and what it has to preach is the coldest, blackest counsel of despair. But it does so brilliantly, even though the clever producer, Peter Wood, has not entirely overcome the problem of finding over twenty players who can portray exactly the characters O'Neill created. How could he, when they are so entirely products of the American way of life, albeit the dregs left behind in the successful stampede. They are shown here waiting for death in the back room of a Third Avenue bar, and making their occasional moments of sobriety bearable by dreams of what they will do to put things right one day?

Amongst them comes Hickey, the successful good-time salesman who has always brought them comfort. But this time he tells them that

he has brought them truth instead. Now they will really be able to be happy, he says, because he will help them face things as they are. In a curious frenzy of goodwill and hate he calls their bluff. He forces them to acknowledge their lies. Face up to what you are, he says, and then you can be at peace as I am. His own peace, it transpires, has lain in murdering his wife to put her out of her misery, and his compassion for her friends ends in hate and the coldness of despair. A terrible, torturing, fascinating evening with fine performances from everyone and particularly Jack MacGowran and Michael Bryant.

KAYE WEBB.

Music

By ROBIN DENNISTON

A Hundred Not Out

FROM time to time you might be tempted to believe that one major international orchestra is as good as another; and then you go to the Hallé and realize how wrong you were. It is not easy to explain what the secret is; the individual performers, excellent though they are, are no better than you will find in other orchestras. They have the advantage of having as permanent conductor a musician who stands way above his contemporaries in his ability to communicate that rarefied nervous emotionalism which is music's unique contribution to experience. The orchestral players know each other as musicians and as people; they have a long and complex tradition behind them; and since the war they have extended the reputation of their orchestra in many new countries. They came to London for their centenary concert with a mixture of confidence and humility which conditioned their playing throughout a memorable evening.

The printed programme itself is an historic document, containing as it does Vaughan Williams's own notes on his Eighth Symphony, which are not only witty but—unlike any programme notes previously encountered—helpful used with or without a miniature score. (If only we could get Beethoven or Mendelssohn to do the same!) The evening started with *Der Freischütz* overture, the first item played by the Hallé on January 30, 1858. The horns, in their gruelling solo passage, were uncertain in their intona-

AN ANALYSIS OF THE

Wolfenden Report

LIVE AND LET LIVE

DR. EUSTACE CRESSER

author of
"Love Without Fear"

Foreword by
SIR JOHN WOLFENDEN

HEINEMANN 8/6

MUSIC

tion, not having had time to warm up; otherwise the orchestra was at its best, and the strings in particular achieved an amazing effect in their *pianissimo* passages—this was a real *pianissimo*, with each instrumentalist contributing a tiny iota of noise, and the whole somehow greater than the sum of the parts. Then came the Harty re-orchestration of Handel's *Water Music*. Whether or not purists these days would wholly approve of the way Barbirolli's predecessor adapted Handel to the dimensions of a full symphony orchestra the noise that results is both euphonious and continuously exciting—acoustogenic one might say. Here a combination of orchestral concentration (the brow of the second bassoon dancing a scherzo of its own) and the intense artistry of Barbirolli achieved a rare effect: those natural but eloquent gestures not only draw forth from the orchestra sounds of which the members hardly know themselves to be capable but they interpret, *per accidens*, the music to us, the listeners, making us partakers as well.

Unquestionably Vaughan Williams's Eighth Symphony, dedicated to the Hallé and to its "Glorious John" was the evening's peak. This shows the great man in a relaxed, inquisitive mood, playing with the resources of the modern orchestral blowers and bangers, having shrugged off, it would seem, the problems of life and death which in his later years overshadow his symphonic music. The second movement is a *tour de force* for the brass; and individually and collectively it was a triumph for this department, as was the fourth movement for the percussion. At the affectionate uniting of composer and conductor at the end of the performance the audience—a little uncertainly—stood. We need not have been so self-conscious; neither was taking the slightest notice of us.

I see some have expressed regret that so well-known a piece as Sibelius's Second Symphony was chosen to end this splendid evening of noise and emotion. But indeed what could have been better? Quite clearly it is one of Sir John's favourites; it gives scope to every department of the orchestra; and its last movement contains themes—corny if you will—which express exactly the feelings of exaltation and pride that we all felt for everything the Hallé stands for.

A tribute to the Hallé and Sir John, rather than a real history of the orchestra's first hundred years, has recently appeared (*100 Years of the Hallé*, by C. B. Rees, Macgibbon and Kee 21s.). Far the most important section of this

is a detailed consideration of the financial position of orchestras to-day, dependent on Arts Council subsidies, the loyalty and generosity of local bodies and the tastes of a capricious and television-minded public. Of all the remarkable and praiseworthy things to be noted in the story of the Hallé and its performance on its hundredth birthday, nothing surely gives more cause for wonder than that an English orchestra has survived, its independence intact, its quality unimpaired, throughout a period of such revolutionary changes in our cultural habits.

ROBIN DENNISTON.

Records

By ALEC ROBERTSON

Orchestral

KLEMPERER'S reading of Brahms's First Symphony (C minor), with the Philharmonia Orchestra (Columbia 33CX1504), is very impressive. It suggests the Brahms

just out

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Hutchinson

THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

who felt Beethoven was at his heels, but was determined not to be tripped up and equally determined to show the world, in this his first large purely orchestral work, that he could hold his own. The conductor, having launched the great ship, in that wonderful opening to the first movement, on its voyage, keeps it powerfully and sombrely on its course, not even allowing the fine melody that emerges when the clouds disperse in the last movement to exult. Those who feel they might not care for this very individual treatment will find greater satisfaction in Boult's performance (Pye NCL16000).

Hi-fi and Debussy can be uneasy partners. However welcome clarity of detail is, one does not want to feel his most evocative music has been put under a microscope; and at times in Ataulfo's performance of *Images pour Orchestra*, with the Suisse Romande Orchestra, that is what one does feel (Decca LXT5348). *Les parfums de la nuit*, the second movement of *Iberia*, from its very nature, loses a good deal of its magic in this bright recording, but there is much brilliance that is in place elsewhere. Certainly a disc to be sampled. On Capitol P8395 Leinsdorf gives a really magnificent performance, with the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra, of Debussy's *La Mer*, one of the loveliest of all orchestra works and unendingly fascinating. The real feel of the sea is vividly captured by the conductor and his splendid orchestra and the recording is much superior to that on the celebrated Toscanini disc (H.M.V. ALP1070). Ravel's *Daphnis and Chloé* Suite, equally well played, is on the reverse.

Lovers of Janacek's highly individual music should not miss his very attractive *Lachian Dances*, conducted by Bretislav Bakala with the Radio Symphony Orchestra of Brno, the town in which he was born. There are *Three Moravian Dances* by Slavicky, a pupil of Suk, on the reverse. Charming music, if more conventional, very well played by the Czech Philharmonic Orchestra under Karel Ancerl (Supraphon LPV201).

Also recommended. Schumann's two most popular symphonies, B flat major (No. 1) and D minor (No. 4), delightfully performed—the "Spring" (No. 1) especially—by Krips and the L.S.O. (Decca LXT5347).

Chamber Music

At last—and we have waited long—come Mozart's String Quintets in D major (K.593) and E flat major (K.614), the last chamber music he composed, and among the loveliest

and most rewarding. Both works are beautifully played by the Amadeus String Quartet, with Cecil Aronowitz (H.M.V. ALP1539).

Instrumental

Last month we had Glenn Gould's astonishing performance of Bach's "Goldberg" Variations on one disc (Philips SBL5211), and now, on two discs (H.M.V. ALP1548-9) comes Rosalyn Tureck's playing of the work, astonishing in quite a different sense. Gould played like a young man rejoicing in his strength, made no repeats, and was not entirely successful in the slow variations. Miss Tureck approaches the work in a state of rapt contemplation, her speeds are all slower—some very much so—and she makes all the repeats. Her finger differentiation and variety of touch are as amazing as ever, her interpretation more subtle and more expressive in the slow variations. The piano tone is excellent. With Tureck one might be inclined to say (as Count Kaiserling used to), "Play me some of my variations," but to Gould "Play the quick ones"!

Peter Katin completes the Chopin Nocturnes (11-20) on Decca LXT5238, and plays them with the same poetic sensibility he showed in his recording of the first set (Decca LXT5122). A very satisfying issue. The last recital Lipatti gave (at the Besançon Festival, September 16, 1950) before his death is recorded on Columbia 33CX1499-50). All the material (Bach, Mozart, Chopin) has been issued before except two Schubert *Impromptus*, Op. 90, Nos. 2-3 (on the first of these discs, with the Bach and Mozart). These are exquisitely played and the discs are a precious souvenir of this great pianist in the concert hall. There are some bursts of applause.

Choral

A fine performance and recording, by Beecham with the R.P.O. and B.B.C. Chorus, Morison, Sinclair, Young and Nowakowski as soloists, of Mozart's *Requiem Mass* (K.62). Sir Thomas has touched up the orchestration—which may offend the pianist, and for the first time I felt able to listen with pleasure to *Tuba Mirum*. This is now splendidly effective; a solo 'cello replaces the solo trombone accompanying the bass soloist; the brass blazes out elsewhere. There is excellent solo and choral singing and, of course, magnificent orchestral playing (Fontana CFL1000).

Opera

At last a performance and recording of *The Mastersingers* that is almost as good as one

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can hope to get, and preferable therefore to the previous Decca and Columbia issues. Kempe's name as conductor is guarantee of loving and glorious orchestral playing by the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, and there are no weak members in the cast. The principals are Frantz (Sachs), Frick (Pogner), Kusche (Beckmesser), Schock (Walther), Unger (David), Grümmer (Eva). In smaller parts Hoffgen (Magdalena) and Prey (Nightwatchman) deserve special mention. The combined choruses are very good. There are some small criticisms that could be made—no crowd noise, for instance, in the meadows scene of the last act, some moments of poor balance—but in general this is an issue of great beauty that lifts up the spirit (H.M.V. ALP1506-10).

ALEC ROBERTSON.

Motoring

By DUDLEY NOBLE

THE British motor industry is one of our most vital national assets. Its vastness and economic importance as a producer are pinpointed when it is considered that well over a million vehicles left the factories for home and overseas buyers during 1957, cars accounting for about three-quarters of this total. Something like £160 million in foreign currency was earned by the exports of cars, and a further £85 million by commercial vehicles. At present, almost one-eighth of this country's visible exports are provided by the motor industry.

As a direct result of an all-out attack upon the dollar market, the U.S.A. is now Britain's principal overseas car buyer, exceeding even Australia and New Zealand, with Canada lying fourth. Since before long Australia will be a producer in her own right, importing little in the way of components from the mother factories, it seems possible that North America will assume the leading position as a market for British cars that was for so long held by Australasia.

The British motor industry's comprehensive and successful sales drive overseas owes as much to the development of mechanical perfection as it does to the activities, energetic though they have been, of the top executives in the marketing field. We hear a great deal less to-day than we did several years back concerning the shortcomings of the products themselves. Without doubt there was a lot of justification for the grouses, but it is to the

everlasting credit of the industry's leaders that they woke their ideas up and declared war on the gremlins.

One of the battlefields on which these nasty little characters were routed was the testing ground brought into existence a few years ago at Lindley, in Warwickshire. Here, on a co-operative basis, the Motor Industry Research Association has provided the manufacturers with a course on which they can subject cars and commercial vehicles to round-the-clock trials lasting for days or weeks on end. They can be sent at speed over a facsimile of Belgian *pavé* at its worst, pass through a tunnel of dust which simulates the everyday routine driving of a back-of-beyond farmer, splash through shallow water at a rate of knots or stand immersed in a trough 4 feet deep, hammer their way over a corrugated track made in faithful reproduction of an unmetalled tropical road or lap on a banked high-speed circuit at 100 m.p.h.-plus.

The proving of a car on this private ground has become normal procedure for the British manufacturer, whereas formerly it was necessary to find secluded roads and hope for no interference while testing was in progress.

Let us not, however, be complacent and regard full order books as being our just reward for a pulling up of socks. The French, the Germans and the Italians are breathing down our necks and are making determined passes at our Tom Tiddler's ground across the Atlantic. There the cult of the imported car, strong though it be at the moment, is vulnerable because so many firms with factories in Britain have strong ties with the U.S., and it might be that very good imitations of the imported job could be unleashed from domestic factories at prices well below those of the foreign manufacturer, which is precisely what we are. I know, of course, that even the Rolls-Royce was manufactured in America and was not accepted, but times change.

Once, for instance, we sold cars galore to the Continental markets; ten years ago, when we alone of all the European car-producing countries were in a position to supply the goods, British cars were familiar objects on the roads of Switzerland, Belgium and the Netherlands. That position has changed very greatly now, and the reason is not far to seek. To the Continental we are very much foreigners, with a system of measures and weights, to say nothing of currency, that is thoroughly incomprehensible. Our screw and bolt sizes are in outlandish sixteenths and thirty-seconds of an inch, we talk about miles

Motoring

per hour and per gallon, we say that a car weighs so many hundredweights, quarters and pounds, and we charge for it in pounds that are of a different kind and contain twenty shillings, each of which has twelve pence.

When a European Free Trade scheme comes into operation maybe we shall be forced to adopt the common sense of metric measures—to which we already subscribe by referring to the size of our motor-car engines as so many millimetres in the bore and stroke, with a cubic capacity of c.c. Cubic inches, as a measure of engine size, beloved of the Americans, are almost as foreign to us in this connection as our three-eighth or nine-thirty-second nuts are to other Europeans and many more besides.

It falls to my lot to try out every year a considerable number of different cars; in fact, hardly a week passes without a model of some make or other appearing at my door. Most of them have a more or less standard set of controls except that in nearly every case the position of the gear lever in each ratio is not at all the same as the last one. Some of them are three-speeders, while others are four; on one you lift up the gear lever and push it away from you and down to get reverse, while on others you just give the lever a smart pull towards you and push it up. For the first few miles, especially in traffic, it is necessary to memorize the various positions, but, even so, there are times when a horrid noise breaks out and I realize that it was last week that I went that-away to get from second to third; this week it is the opposite.

Whether it is essential to ring the changes like this I wouldn't know, but I have a sneaking feeling that a standardized form of gear-shift could be arrived at if the order went out from the right sources. Well do I remember once travelling around the United States in a British four-speed-gear car, with reverse that required the lever to be pulled up, moved sideways and then pushed forwards. Over there it is customary for a garage hand to be in attendance to drive the car away from the hotel door when you arrive, leaving you to check in in unembarrassed comfort. Very few times did such a driver manage to make a clean get-away on this car, although every American car he handled had the same one-two-three gear-shift. Is it too much for something similar to be brought in over here?

Nevertheless, among the range of models the British buyer has at his disposal to-day he has at least one which ought to satisfy his requirements. In the Morris Minor, the

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Op. 55, Nos. 1 & 2, Op. 62, Nos. 1 & 2;
Op. 72, No. 1; No. 20 in C sharp minor (Op. posth.)
LXT 5238

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(*'The Gramophone'*, Feb. 1958)

JANIS

CHOPIN
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Impromptu No. 1 in A flat major, Op. 29;
Nocturne No. 8 in D flat major, Op. 27, No. 2;
Etude No. 5 in G flat major, Op. 10, No. 5;
Mazurka No. 45 in A minor, Op. 67, No. 4;
Scherzo No. 3 in C sharp minor, Op. 39
RB-16028

'... Mr. Janis... plays Chopin so very well that ignorance of his name will not be permissible much longer. He has magnificent technique, and plenty of poetic feeling as well as fire. This is in fact a very fine record.'
(*'The Gramophone'*, Feb. 1958)



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Standard Eight and the Austin A.35, he has smallish cars which are still four-seaters, while in the next higher class he finds the Hillman Minx, the Austin A.55, the Morris Oxford, the Vauxhall Victor, the Standard Ten and Pennant, the Ford Consul and the Standard Ensign. The Wolseley 1500 and the Riley 1½-litre, together with the Sunbeam Rapier and the Singer Gazelle, have a special appeal to the buyer who seeks a degree of specialization, while, among the cars of sporting type, there are the M.G. and the Triumph TR.3 in the economically-priced class.

Next above in size of engine there are the Ford Zephyr and Zodiac, the Vauxhall Cresta and Velox, the Standard Vanguard, the Humber Hawk and, of course, the wonderful Rovers. Jaguars fill a special niche of their own among the faster cars, and there are also the Austin Westminsters to be considered, the Riley 2.6-litre and the 6/90 Wolseley, while the Austin Healey has the same six-cylinder engine with modifications to suit it for those with speed propensities. Among cars with luxury coachwork of limousine as well as saloon dimensions are the Princess and the Armstrong Siddeley; and, of course, in a class of their

own for those who can afford the distinction, there are the Bentley and Rolls-Royce. Certainly, the British motor industry offers a range of products that should fit in with every purse and purpose.

DUDLEY NOBLE.

Finance

By LOMBARDO

Recession into Slump?

AT long last the optimists in the United States are beginning to agree that their onomy is experiencing a recession. The President continues to maintain that the economists and bankers are wrong when they say the recession may soon justify a more ominous name for the extent to which it may deepen and he tells his people that the "up-swing" will come with the summer sun. We should pray that the President will prove to be right, for a slump (dreaded word) in the States would have grievous repercussions on world trade and, though Keynesian measures might cushion some of the blows, our precarious economy would suffer a battering from which it would take a long time to recover.

As we go to press the signs are not encouraging. Inventories are still being allowed to run down, manufacturers are cautious about stocks, raw material prices (especially metals) remain on the lowest levels, and unemployment is increasing. The Administration has already taken steps to cheapen capital and encourage spending; it has indicated that very large sums will be disbursed from the public purse on armaments; it has, in fact, shown itself positively in favour of a change from a deflationary to a cautious inflationary policy. The industrial and commercial community, however, is sceptical; they are operating on progressively narrower margins of stocks lest they find themselves forced to finance inventories that a diminishing public demand fails to liquidate. There is a considerable margin of productive capacity in almost all industries, and a consequent pressure on profit margins. This cannot be favourable to an early resumption of capital expenditure on expansion projects. Nevertheless many possible official measures to counter continuing recession remain to be applied. Tax reductions would prove a powerful stimulus to personal and corporate spending; public works and encouragement to house building could do much to stem the rise in unemployment. Whether the situation will merit the application of these economic



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aids is still uncertain. If inventory liquidation can hardly go much further it is possible that some re-stocking will begin during the next few months. If that gave some sustained impetus to production and the diminution in employment were thereby reversed, the resultant increase in consumer spending might cause the downward trend to halt and generate the strength to rise from the recession. The answers to these questions are still debatable and will remain so for some time.

The Economy and Politics

The scene at home is naturally greatly affected by the progress of events in America. There is, however, a continuing determination here to continue the curbs on inflation. The Chancellor has stated that the credit squeeze must certainly continue for the present. When the L.C.C. brought out a £20 million loan at 6 per cent, the City assumed that the terms could be taken as an indication that money rates will not come down for some time. This loan was only one of many issues which have come to the market during the past few weeks, including the £300 million 5½ per cent. Funding, and several hundred million pounds have been invested, or been

set aside for future "calls," in fixed interest stocks or the substantial "rights" issues, such as Shell and B.P., in the equity market. Even if there had been any news to encourage buying of industrial equities after these issues there would not have been the same weight of idle funds available.

Political news has not given any cause for optimism. Cyprus and Colonel Nasser in the Middle East and the background of Soviet uncertainties have been deterrents to incipient optimism of calmer times ahead, and at home the results of the Rochdale election set the political cauldron bubbling. Speculation on the possible results of the next General Election has engendered more definite fears of a Socialist victory and the cloud of uncertainty will never be banished from the horizon of the industrial and commercial world between now and the day when the voters' choice is known. With so much overseas and at home to create caution it does not seem likely that inflation will become the enemy of the economy during the next few months. For this reason it is very possible that the Chancellor will feel justified in following the American example by reducing Bank Rate when he introduces his Budget in April.



This Electronic Age

We once saw a cartoon of a row of robots making a row of robots, and the owner of the factory was saying to his friend "I wonder where it will all end!"

We are quite ready to admit that we are not averse to some forms of automation. We do, of course, use mechanical aids for many of our activities, from the handling of cash to book-keeping. This speeds up the work to the advantage of the Bank and the customer.

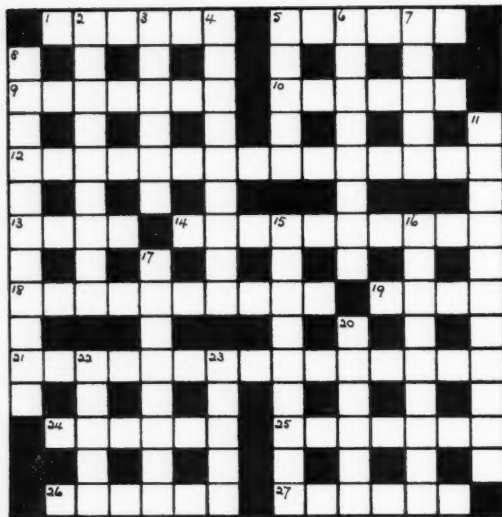
Although we keep in constant touch with developments of mechanical aids over the whole range of our activities, in the final analysis it is the personal relationship of the Branch Manager and his staff towards the customer that matters. We face the electronic age resolute in this belief.

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SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE NUMBER 18

ACROSS.—1. Torment. 5. Threads. 9. Nothing. 10. Roseate. 11. Ran. 12. Retrace. 13. Apostle. 14. Sad. 15. Marches. 18. Orderly. 21. Bondage. 25. Ampulla. 29. Mac. 30. Luggage. 31. Onerous. 32. Run. 33. Niagara. 34. Initial. 35. Audited. 36. Extreme.
DOWN.—1. Tantrum. 2. Rotator. 3. Epitaph. 4. Tigress. 5. Tornado. 6. Respond. 7. Alastor. 8. Scenery. 16. Cad. 17. Egg. 19. Rim. 20. Ecu. 21. Belinda. 22. Niggard. 23. Adamant. 24. Emerald. 25. Aconite. 26. Predict. 27. Leonine. 28. Absolve.

CLUES

ACROSS

1. Man may be thus described (6)
5. This by itself was Eric's alternative (6)
9. She's in a different material (7)
10. Stick around in doggy fashion (6)
12. He's heavenly and romantic to some, but quite unapproachable to date (3,3,2,3,4)
13. A dog I'd put in the Foreign Office (4)
14. The band takes meals in an entertainingly revealing fashion (5-5)
18. Not male nurses, but men of culture as it were (10)
19. Depress a doctor with work (4)
21. Results may be obtained from such a publication (6,9)
24. His source of income might be described as utterly base (6)
25. A hindrance on an excursion,—one of three (7)
26. Respect always shown among soldiers (6)
27. French C.I.D. in confusion, to be blunt (6)

DOWN

2. It's useful to keep stocking up (9)
3. Natural product of Manila (6)
4. Those who practise it look down in the mouth (9)
5. Some publicity is allowable (5)
6. Touch-lines,—but nothing to do with football (8)
7. Slowly applied credit squeeze, apparently (5)
8. Snap decision as to who won? (5,6)
11. Dined in anger without moderation (11)
15. Simple drink of low degree (4,5)
16. Citadel turns grain store over after a harvest (9)
17. One must put a stop to this! (8)
20. Elation,—occasioned by a free car ride to town? (6)
22. Gas makes one put on weight (5)
23. Her charges are usually low (5)

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